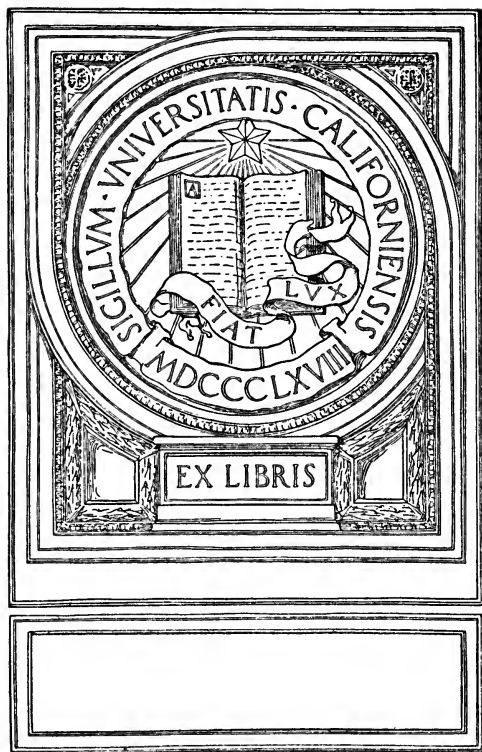


Cullings from the Confederacy

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Cullings from the Confederacy.

A COLLECTION OF SOUTHERN POEMS, ORIGINAL AND
OTHERS, POPULAR DURING THE WAR BETWEEN
THE STATES, AND INCIDENTS AND
FACTS WORTH RECALLING.

1862-1866.

INCLUDING THE DOGGEREL OF THE CAMP, AS WELL
AS TENDER TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD.

“From grave to gay, from reverend to severe.”

Compiled by
NORA FONTAINE M. DAVIDSON,
Petersburg, Va.

WASHINGTON, D. C.:
The Rufus H. Darby Printing Co.
1903.

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TO THE
APPROPRIATE



NORA FONTAINE CALHOUN, A REPRESENTATIVE SOUTHERN GIRL.

"Oh! yes, I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name,
I boast it with far greater pride
Than glitt'ring wealth or fame."

FROM SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS,
OF THE FAMILY OF J. C. CALHOUN, "FATHER OF SECESSION."

NO. 1000
ADDITIONAL

CONTENTS.

Dedication	9
Introduction	11
The Confederate Dead at Arlington.....	12
Illustration (Danger from Shells).....	13
Petersburg on the Appomattox.....	15
"Virginia" (A. D. 1862).....	20
To the Tories of Virginia (Union Men).....	21
God Save the South.....	22
Hurrying On	23
Rebels	24
A Poem for the Times.....	25
Jackson	26
Farewell to Brother Jonathan.....	27
Farewell Forever to the Star Spangle Banner.....	28
He Won the Boots.....	28
Farewell to Yankee Doodle.....	29
The South's Appeal to Washington.....	30
Call All! Call All.....	31
Lines to the Southern Banner.....	32
The Bonnie Blue Flag.....	33
Our Flag—the Stars and Bars.....	34
A Yankee Shibboleth.....	34
Our Cause	35
The Battle Call.....	36
Creation of Dixie.....	39
Impudent Yankees.....	39
Where is the Rebel Fatherland.....	40
We Come! We Come.....	41
Secession, or Uncle Sam's Troublesome Daughters.....	42
Female Heroism.....	44
Oh, I'm a Good Old Rebel.....	45
A Southern Battle Hymn	46
Incident in General Lee's Life.....	46
Ordered Away.....	47
Gone to the Battlefield.....	48
Southern "Rally Round the Flag".....	49
Virginia's Call to Arms.....	50
Song of the Southern Soldier.....	51
Maryland, My Maryland	52
Hurrah	53
The Heart of Louisiana.....	54
Missouri	55
There's Life in the Old Land Yet.....	55
Texas War Song.....	56
Let Him Be Free.....	56
Confederate Song	57
Jefferson Davis' True Nature.....	57
Our Lee	58
Witty Southern Girl.....	59
Lines Written by the Earl of Derby On General Lee.....	60
The Jacket of Grey.....	60
Robert E. Lee.....	61
Petition for the Pardon of President Davis.....	62
War Fact of Alabama.....	63

CONTENTS—Continued.

The Prisoner of State.....	64
Just Before the Battle, Mother (Parody).....	65
In the Fortress By the Sea.....	66
The Private Soldier.....	67
Stonewall Jackson Under the Table.....	67
Stonewall Jackson Guards the Camp To-Night.....	68
Stonewall Jackson at Kernstown.....	69
Post Bellum Riches.....	70
Our Stonewall's Grave.....	71
Tribute to Gen. Turner Ashby.....	71
Mosby and His Men.....	72
Morgan's War Song.....	73
The Volunteers to the Melish.....	74
The Battle of St. Paul's.....	75
Yankee Officer Captured by Virginia Girls.....	77
Battle of 9th of June, 1864, Petersburg, Va.....	78
The Battle of Bethel Church.....	85
The Battle of New Market—"Robbing the Cradle".....	86
Our Left—Manassas.....	89
Manassas	89
Home (By a Confederate Officer).....	90
Not Fond of Bullets.....	91
Female Soldiers.....	91
The Last Martial Button.....	92
The Southern Women.....	92
The Cap That Poor Henderson Wore.....	93
A Confederate Valentine.....	94
The Song of the Sword.....	95
"My Friend"—Dedicated to "Infidelias".....	96
Lorena	98
Men in Lace and Braid.....	99
All's Noise Along the Appomattox.....	99
Upi Dei-Di.....	100
Sweethearts and War.....	101
In the Land Where We Were Dreaming.....	102
A Brave Girl's Fate.....	104
Fight On! Fight Ever.....	105
A Private in the Ranks.....	106
Butler	107
A Georgia Volunteer.....	108
Richmond on the James.....	109
The Warrior's Steed.....	111
The Right Above the Wrong.....	114
She Saved Her Bacon.....	115
A Confederate Letter.....	115
Recruiting in Europe.....	116
True to the Gray.....	117
Mother Would Comfort Me.....	118
Civile Bellum (Brother Against Brother).....	118
The Old Gray Coat.....	119
Dreaming in the Tenches.....	121
The Printers of Virginia to "Old Abe".....	122
The Despot's Song.....	122
The Shenandoah Sufferers.....	123
Virginia in 1863.....	124
Commercial Report—Starvation Time.....	125
Why Should the South Rejoice?.....	126

CONTENTS—Continued.

Vanished Hopes.....	127
Our Southern Land.....	128
Unusual War Experience.....	130
The Virginia Ladies.....	133
Somebody's Darling.....	133
Dates of Secession.....	134
First Southern Hospital.....	135
The Unknown Confederate Soldier.....	137
Our Noble Dead.....	138
The Confederate Dead.....	139
Our Heroic Dead.....	141
They Are Not Dead.....	142
What the Heart of the Young Girl Said.....	144
The Dying Soldier.....	145
The Wards of the Nation.....	145
The Confederate Dead.....	146
The Soldier Who Died To-day.....	148
Cockade City Ladies.....	149
Lizzie Hayden's Letter.....	149
Historical Fact About Decoration.....	150
Mammy's View of Freedom.....	151
A Newly Elected Representative Under 14th Amendment.....	152
The Old Church on the Hill (Blandford).....	154
The First Memorial Day.....	155
Decoration Day Origin.....	156
A Fragment from Description of First Confederate Memorial Day.....	160
Decorating the Graves of the Confederate Dead.....	163

Dedication.

This book is dedicated to all who love the South, but especially to the children of Miss Davidson's School, who untiringly contributed to the funds—so much needed—for hospital and other work. These children gave entertainments without number, and raised \$100.00 for the establishment of the first Confederate hospital in Petersburg. She remembers with pride and gratitude the efforts of these scholars, many of them now staid men and women. They were literally

“ First to rise against oppression ;
First and foremost in secession—
In this glorious Southern land.”

Introduction.

There has been much given to the public in the way of scraps collected during the war; yet there is quite enough interest to read with delight anything pertaining to the "old time" that tried men's souls and killed their bodies. Enough can never be said of "that martyr band which hallowed our land. In a cause they died to save for us."

Many veterans of the heroic struggle are with us yet, and to their children we give the contents of this book, written only in the desire to portray by clippings, verses, etc., the trend of the times and the run of the day.

Many of the most beautiful and pathetic productions in the way of verse are left out from the fact that other books, on Confederate days, contain them, and they are well known to most people. The book is not to accentuate the intelligence, tenderness or nobility of the South—that needs no herald. These are only the cullings that were obtained as the times went along. We have placed here the doggerel of the camp and the sentiment of the uneducated private, who, like Cincinnatus, was taken from digging in the field. Many a letter of gratitude expressed in crude language was sent to the benefactress who nursed him through wound or fever, and some were bold enough to avow emotions of even more than gratitude. Many who nursed through these hospitals recall the gifts of rings cut from dimes, books made of clay from "The Crater," and other souvenirs which were the best that could be given in the absence of such things as had been heretofore imported from the North or foreign countries.

The periods of hesitency, allegiance to the Old Union, the flag of our fathers, secession, enthusiasm, patriotism, battle, imprisonment, starvation, sacrifice, the end are given in succession.

In the last part of the volume are found types of the old and new darkey, bringing in the effect of Reconstruction and the Fourteenth Amendment.

The book closes with the loving tribute to our dead in the first Confederate Memorial.

Blue & A. Gray

"The Confederate Dead at Arlington."

Through the interest of President McKinley, the Confederate graves at Arlington have been made beautiful. There is no reason why these men who died in and around Washington in the hospital or battle should not rest here. It was Gen. Lee's home, and it seems a lovely tribute from the North, that some of his old soldiers should lie here, buried with those who fought against him. The graves are beautifully kept—it is the one act which makes us a common country. Many Southern women resorted there on last Memorial Day, and were assisted in every way in the loving task of decorating the graves by those who wore the blue. Mrs. Logan beautifully writes of this: "Near by the graves of those who wore the blue are hundreds of mounds, that cover all that was mortal of those who wore the grey, and it is one of the most beautiful traits of forgiving humanity that none of them is overlooked on the most sacred day in the American calendar. In 'Dixie' they garland with one hand the mounds above the ashes of the Northern soldier, while with the other they strew beautiful blossoms on the graves of their own heroes. We, of the North, do the same, for they were all heroes, each one dying for the cause he thought was right. *** The result, as seen to-day, shows that the people of this country have been through cleansing fires and have come forth the purest gold."

No one individual did more to obliterate old lines than William McKinley, who raised the arch of peace for all by following himself the "Prince of Peace."



RESIDENCE ON BOLLINGBROKE STREET, SHOWING DANGER OF
RESIDENTS IN THIS VICINITY.

TO THE
ADDRESS

PETERSBURG ON THE APPOMATTOX.

Her Traditions and People—Indian Ancestry—Old Homes and Birthplaces—The Count Rochambeau—General Lee a Worshipper at St. Paul's—Kautz's Raid—An Incident of War—Women of Petersburg, Their Patriotism and Zeal—The Fall of the City—The Celebration of First Memorial Inaugurated Through the Efforts of Miss Davidson.

The whole South should love Petersburg—her history and traditions, for it was from this city, and its vicinity, that the ancestors of many Southerners diverged to their respective States, and, even now, begin their genealogical charts from English ancestry who settled in this environment. Here, too, their Indian ancestress bathed her unsandalled feet in the Appomattox, and, as tradition has it, washed her swarthy face in a basin hewn out of solid rock—the same which now stands as a monument to native ingenuity. Near by are the birthplaces of John Randolph, of Roanoke, Theodric and Richard Bland, and the first home of the descendants of Rolfe and Pocahontas. This English and Indian connection produced a sturdy and reliable people, who were largely responsible for the conduct of the political and social affairs of the early colony. The Count Rochambeau, whose beautiful statue, the gift of his people, stands in Jackson Square, in our National Capital, was entertained by its stately dames; and in later times still, a soldier of great repute, whom other countries class as first, and the South country claims as best, worshipped with her people on Sabbath days, as he served faithfully the admiring people who placed him at the head of their new-made soldiery. Those who attended St. Paul's Church on Union Street, recall his erect figure as he walked up the aisle accompanied by his Adjutant General, Colonel Walter Taylor—every inch a soldier—yet how humbly he walked with his God. Peace to his noble soul! On one of the hills beyond Petersburg stands old Blandford Church, or rather its ruins. No worshippers gather there; the dignity of silence chronicles the past; the songsters of Heaven chant continually the requiems in pace. This old English Church marks the resting place of many families of olden days. In later days it bared its breast to a storm of shot and shell as it lay in the pathway of the storm. The remains of many of those

who fought and fell within its environs are buried beneath its sacred soil. The battle of the Crater was fought not more than a mile away. On the walls of the old church are the names of some of Petersburg's noblest and best sons, who fell in defense of their altars and firesides. A cavalry raid under General Kautz (on June 9, 1864), threatened the destruction of the town by burning and pillage, and the fathers and sons, who had been organized into a home guard, resisted and repelled this finely appointed and equipped body of Federal cavalry, but not without great loss of life on the part of these old and infirm men and boys, as ten or more of their number were killed or wounded. The last strong effort for the establishment of the Confederacy was made at Petersburg. For two years the trenches were filled with dead and dying. For two years was the city pelted with shot and shell. These missives of war fell everywhere. Humble homes and stately buildings suffered alike from the devastating cannonading. On one occasion a shell tore into the side of a dwelling and demolished every article of furniture in the parlor. A fair belle, only a few moments before, had been sitting on one of the chairs, whispering the sweet words of encouragement that only love can say to her soldier-boy lover, and had hardly emerged from the room when she returned to a chaos of dust and confusion. The officer, who had scarcely reached the next street, hearing the crash came back to find his lady-love unscathed from "the battle." Servants were killed in kitchens attending to their work. Churches and buildings defaced and animals killed.

"And the little children gathered,
Their faces purely raised
Just for a wondering moment,
As the huge bombs whirled and blazed,
Then turning with silvery laughter
To the sports which children love,
Thrice mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought,
That the good God watched above.
Yet the hailing bolts fell faster."

The citizenry of the city surrendered as completely to the occupancy of the Confederate Army as did General Lee to his Federal opponents two years later at Appomattox. Every heart was a home, every house a hospital for the sick and wounded. The line of defense, in fortifications and breast-works, was unfortunately constructed too near the town, else the shells of the enemy would not have come so near. Had our line of defense been further removed, the line of offense would have been proportionately further away. This mistake,



COL. JOSEPH P. MINETREE, 41ST VA. INFANTRY—MAHONEY'S OLD BRIGADE.

Figure 1 displays the four possible configurations of a 2D lattice with four sites per unit cell. The top row shows configurations with 0, 1, 2, and 3 occupied sites (black dots) per unit cell. The bottom row shows configurations with 4, 3, 2, and 1 occupied site per unit cell. Each diagram is labeled with its corresponding configuration name and the number of occupied sites per unit cell.

along with many such, was made in the hurry of our unpreparation for war. Men were called upon to revive arts and professions long unpracticed, as the South was following pastoral and peaceful pursuits. "The furrow did oft to the cycle yield," and her sons had long before "beaten their swords into ploughshares."

To the women of Petersburg a special mede of honor is due, as the two years' siege of Petersburg was her daughters' opportunity, and well was it used. Every attribute of woman, so much needed at that time, was used to the full. There was no "lack of nursing or dearth of woman's tears"—her tenderness, sympathy and prayers were found at the bedside of the sick and wounded soldiers, nor left she his body to the dead-house ungarlanded and unwept. Among these good women none labored more zealously than Miss Davidson, the compiler of these verses and incidents. She is an educator of high repute, and her scholars are filling places of trust in all sections of the country. The school of which she was principal gave concerts and entertainments, patriotic and otherwise, for the help of the Confederate cause. Even after the town was under martial law Miss Davidson continued these so-called rebel entertainments against the advice of the Union officers. They were generous enough not to suppress this "unreconstructed rebel" as they saw in it only an intense love of country and State pride. Miss Davidson was the first woman in the South to plan a processional memorial exercise, and from her untiring zeal in this matter has sprung a National reverence for those who died on either side. Mrs. General Logan, in a letter to the *Washington Post*, on memorial time of this year, very frankly ascribes to the woman of Petersburg the idea of a National Memorial. She was in Petersburg with her husband visiting the old battle grounds, in the early Spring of 1866, and recalls seeing these women tenderly wreathing the bivouac of the dead, and on returning to Washington, at her suggestion, General Logan issued his general order for a similar exercise, to be observed for all time, once a year. Miss Davidson's school, and some patriotic co-workers, were the originators of this beautiful custom.

VIRGINIA (A. D. 1862).

Is Virginia a State? Is she a Territory? Is she a combination of each? We are unable to answer this question. We can emphatically pronounce, however, we believe, that she is not a State in the same sense we understand the term, and in the sense the term was understood when Virginia, through her statesmen, entered into the Federal league, and, by her statesmen, prepared the fundamental laws for all the States comprising the United States. We have the symbols of State sovereignty—a Governor, a Legislature, a Judiciary—yet it is the veriest nominalism, for, really and in fact, we cannot move one inch except at the will of another power, which has illegitimately established itself a guardian over us. We have not the advantages of a State by reason of its power, or its political condition; we are not allowed the advantages of a Territory by reason of its weakness. All the good which flows from the status of a State, or the status of a Territory we are deprived of; all the evils, which appertain to both, is most lavishly bestowed on us. We cannot, we confess, see one streak of delight gleam through the prison bars of servitude; but we do ask, as a matter of candor, at any rate, that if Virginia is to be extinct, some other name will be attached to her domain, and that we shall not forever have placed before us the influences and reminiscences of past glory and freedom suggested by the magic word of Virginia, the synonym of all that is elevated in politics and consecrated in patriotism, when all that is around, about and upon us is a sad realization of tyranny such as Robespierre dared not have exercised in his palmiest days. If Virginia is a provincial appendage, blot out the word forever. It should never be applied to the country of any people that wear the irons of servitude or inequality. If the people of the "The Old Dominion" are to wear the yoke, call their Territory, the ground upon which they tread, by the most disgraceful epithet English letters can spell out; call it Sumner, call it Stevens or do worse—call it the name of some vile traitor born upon the soil (Scott), and who deserted to the enemy's camp in the dark hours of distress and danger. If we are free, then let Virginia and Virginia's mottoes flourish and live forever. If we are to be slaves—call our country by a term adapted to that condition.

Since writing the above, that which is called a Congress, which presides with such demoniacal authority at Washington, has decided the fate of the States. We are slaves—yea, worse, we are serfs.

TO THE TORIES OF VIRGINIA.

(Union Men.)

In the ages gone by when Virginia arose
Her honor and truth to maintain,
Her sons round her banner would rally with pride,
Determined to save it from stain.

No heart in those days was so false or so cold
That it did not exquisitely thrill,
With a love and devotion that none would withhold
Until death the proud bosom should chill.

Was Virginia in danger? fast, fast to her call
From the mountains e'en unto the sea
Came up her brave children, their mother to shield,
And to die that she still might be free.

And a coward was he, who when danger's dark cloud,
Overshadowed Virginia's fair sky,
Turned a deaf, careless ear, when her summons was heard,
Or refused for her honor to die.

Oh, proud are the memories of day's that are past,
And richly the heart thrills when o'er
We think of the brave, who, their mother to save,
Have died as they lived—without fear.

But now can it be that Virginia's name
Fails to waken the homage and love
Of e'en one of her sons? Oh, cold, cold must be
The heart that her name will not move.

When she rallies for freedom and justice and right,
Will her sons with a withering sneer,
Revile her and taunt her with treason and shame,
Or say she is moved by foul fear.

Will they tell her her glories have fled or grown pale,
That she bends to a tyrant in shame?
Will they trample her glorious flag in the dust,
Or load with reproaches her name?

Will they fly from her shores, or desert her in need?
Will Virginians their back ever turn
On their mother, and fly when danger is nigh
And her claim to their fealty spurn?

False, false is the heart that refuses to yield
The love that Virginia doth claim,
And base is the tongue that could utter the lie,
That charges his mother with shame.

A blot on her 'scutcheon, a stain on her name,
Our heart's blood should wipe it away!
We should die for her honor and count it a boon
Her mandates to heed and obey.

But men, oh, never let human tongue say
She is false to her honor or fame.
She is true to her past—to her future she's true,
And Virginia has never known shame.

Then shame on the dastard, the recreant fool
That would strike in the dark at her now;
That would coldly refuse her fair name to uphold;
That would basely prove false to his vow.

But no it cannot, it can never be true
That Virginia claims one single child
That would ever prove false to his home or his God,
Or be with foul treason defiled.

And the man that could succor her enemies now,
Even though on her soil he were born,
Is so base, so inhuman, so false and so vile,
That Virginia disowns him with scorn.

—Richmond Examiner.

GOD SAVE THE SOUTH.

God bless our Southern land,
Guard our beloved land,
God save the South.
Make us victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Spread Thy shield over us,
God save the South.

God of our sires arise!
Scatter our enemies,
Who mock Thy truth.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
In Thee our faith we fix,
God save the South.

In the fierce battle hour,
With Thine almighty power,
Assist our youth.
May they with victory crowned,
Joining one choral round,
With heart and voice resound,
God save the South!

"HURRYING ON."

Hurrying on in the midst of excitement,
 Pushing extravagant projects through;
 Few of us know or pause e'en to question—
 Even to ask where we're hurrying to.

Hurrying on over blessings unheeded,
 Chasing some joy—like the butterfly gone;
 What is the good of this wonderful frenzy;
 What is the use of this hurrying on.

We have been hurrying on from our cradles,
 What but its shadows have we for the past;
 We are still hurrying on as expectant—
 What shall we get by our hurry at last?

Graves are so thick that we cannot well miss them,
 Going with only the clothes we shall wear;
 Where shall be then all we're hurrying after;
 What shall we have with our hurry when there.

Hurrying on in the wake of the phantoms,
 Conjured alone in the fever of haste;
 Hurrying on with extravagant projects
 Little reck we of the treasures we waste.

Little we know of the diamond moments
 All to be gathered and garnered in store,
 Making our worthy or worthless possessions,
 Up in the land where we'll hurry no more.

Treasures that lie all around us in plenty,
 We never heed as we're hurrying on,
 And when in Heaven our coffers are empty,
 We shall first know how they're lost and all gone.

Then we shall know how our spirits have wasted
 Wealth of eternity, planted in time;
 The soil for its seed growing barren as ashes,
 While we are hurrying out of its clime.

God works but slowly; but slowly my brothers,
 Not hurrying onward, in passion and strife;
 Works with love only—and only for others—
 Not for himself, in the green fields of life.

Let us sit still and be calm and be thoughtful,
 Lifting our hearts to eternity's brink;
 Let us cease living alone, for the present,
 Let us cease hurrying—what do you think ?

—Charleston Mercury.

Written in New Orleans, October 23, 1861.
 Some sat still and wondered what the end would be. Some
 "darkened counsel without knowledge."

REBELS.

Rebels! 'tis a holy name—
The name our fathers love,
When battling in the cause of right
Against the tyrant and his might
In the dark days of yore.

Rebels! 'tis our family name—
Our father, Washington,
Was the arch-rebel in the fight
And gave the name to us—a right
Of father unto son.

Rebels! 'tis our given name—
Our mother, Liberty,
Received the title with her fame
In days of grief and fear and shame,
When at her breast were we.

Rebels! 'tis our sealed name—
A baptism of blood;
The war, aye, and the din of strife,
The fearful contest, life for life,
The mingled crimson flood.

Rebels! 'tis a patriot's name,
In struggles it was given,
We bore it then, when tyrants raved
And through their curses t'was engraved
On the doomsday book of Heaven.

Rebels! 'tis our fighting name,
For peace rules o'er the land
Until they speak of craven woe;
Until our rights receive a blow
From foe or brother's hand.

Rebels! 'tis our dying name,
For although life is dear,
Yet freemen born and freemen bred
We'd rather live as freemen dead
Than live in slavish fear.

Then call us rebels if you will,
We glory in the name,
For bending under unjust laws
And weaving faith to an unjust cause
We count a greater shame.

—Atlanta Confederacy.

A POEM FOR THE TIMES.

John R. Thompson.

Who talks of coercion ? who dares to deny
A resolute people their right to be free ?
Let him blot out forever one star from the sky,
Or curb with his fetter one wave of the sea.

Who prates of coercion, can love be restored
To bosoms where only resentment may dwell ?
Can peace upon earth be proclaimed by the sword,
Or good-will among men be established by shell ?

Shame, shame that the statesman and trickster, forsooth,
Should have for a crisis no other recourse
Beneath the fair day spring of light and of truth
Than the old "brutem fulmen" of tyranny—Force.

From the holes where fraud, falsehood and hate slink away,
From the crypt in which error lies buried in chains,
This foul apparition stalks forth to the day,
And would ravage the land, which his presence profanes.

Could you conquer us, men of the North, could you bring
Desolation and death on our homes as a flood,
Can you hope the pure lily, affection, will spring
From ashes all reeking and sodden with blood.

Could you brand us as villians and serfs, know ye not
What fierce sullen hatred lurks under the scar ?
How loyal to Hapsburg is Venice? I wot
How dearly the Pole loves the Czar?

But t'were well to remember this land of the sun
Is a nutrix leonem and suckles a race
Strong-armed, lion-hearted, and banded as one,
Who brook not oppression and know not disgrace.

And well may the schemers in office beware,
The swift retribution that waits upon crime,
When the lion "RESISTANCE," shall leap from his lair
With a fury that renders his vengeance sublime.

Once, men of the North, we were brothers, and still,
Though brothers no more, we would gladly be friends;
Nor join in a conflict accurst, that must fill
With ruin the country on which it descends.

But if smitten with blindness and mad with the rage
The gods gave to all they wished to destroy,
You'd not act a new Iliad, to darken the age
With horrors beyond what is told as of Troy.

If deaf as the adder itself to the cries,
When wisdom, humanity, justice implore,
You would have our proud eagle to feed on the eyes
Of those who have taught him so grandly to soar.

If there be to your malice no limit imposed,
 And you purpose hereafter to rule with the rod,
 The men upon whom you have already closed
 Our goodly domain and the temples of God.

To the breeze then your banner dishonored unfold,
 And at once let the tocsin be sounded afar,
 We greet you as greeted the Swiss Charles the Bold,
 With a farewell to peace and a welcome to war.

For the courage that clings to our soil ever bright,
 Shall catch inspiration from turf and from tide;
 Our sons unappalled shall go forth to the fight,
 With the smile of the fair and the kiss of the bride.

And the bugle its echoes shall send through the past,
 In the trenches of Yorktown to waken the slain,
 While the sods of King's Mountain shall heave at the blast,
 And give up its heroes to glory again.

—*Charleston Mercury.*

By L. M.

"If ever I consent to be married,
 And who would refuse a good mate?
 The man whom I give my hand to
 Must believe in the rights of the State."

JACKSON.

(By Harry Flash.)

Not 'midst the lightning of the stormy fight,
 Not in the rush upon the vandal foe,
 Did kingly death, with his resistless might,
 Lay the great leader low.

His warrior soul its earthly shackles broke
 In the full sunshine of a peaceful town,
 When all the storm was hushed the trusty oak
 That propped our cause went down.

Though his alone—the blood that flecks the ground,
 Recording all his grand heroic deeds,
 Freedom herself is writhing with the wound,
 And all the country bleeds.

He entered not the nation's promised land,
 At the red belching of the cannon's mouth,
 But broke the house of bondage with his hands,
 The Moses of the South.

O! gracious God, not gainless is the loss—
 A glorious sunbeam gilds thy sternest frown—
 And while his country staggers with the cross
 He rises with the crown.

FAREWELL TO BROTHER JONATHAN.

Oh Jonathan, Jonathan, rascal of pelf,
Self-righteous, self-glorious, yes, every inch self;
Your loyalty now is all bluster and boast,
You were dumb when the foeman invaded our coast.

In vain did your country appeal to you then,
You coldly refused her your money and men;
Your trade interrupted, you think, from her wars,
And preferred British gold to the stripes and the stars.

Then our generous blood was as water poured forth,
And the sons of the South were the shields of the North;
Nor one patriot ardor one moment gave o'er
'Till the foe you had fed we had driven from the shore.

Long years we have suffered opprobrium and wrong,
But we clung to your side with affection so strong,
That at last in mere wanton, aggression, you broke
All the ties of our hearts with one murderous stroke.

We are tired of the contest for what is our own,
We're sick of a strife that would never be done;
Thus our love has died out and its altars are dark,
Petometheus, himself, could not kindle the spark.

Oh, Jonathan, Jonathan, deadly the sin
Of the tigerish thirst for the blood of your kin;
And shameful the spirit that gloats over wives,
And maidens despoiled of their honor and lives.

Your palaces rise from the fruits of our toil,
Your millions are fed from the wealth of our soil;
The balm of our air brings the health to your cheek,
And our hearts are aglow with the welcome we speak.

Oh brother beware how you seek us again
Lest you brand on your forehead the signet of Cain;
That blood and that crime on your conscience must sit;
We may fall—we may perish—but never submit.

The pathway that leads to the Pharisee's door
We remember, indeed, but we tread it no more,
Preferring to turn, with the Publican's faith,
To the path through the valley and shadow of death.

COULDN'T CARRY AWAY THE MILL.

In the Arkansas campaign the general officer found the entire — grouped around a saw-mill and weeping like Niobes. "Why, boys," he asked, "what is the matter?" "Matter enough," sobbed one enterprising volunteer, "thus far we have never left anything behind, but we can't possibly steal this saw-mill."

**"FAREWELL, FOREVER, THE STAR-SPANGLED
BANNER."**

Let tyrants and slaves submissively tremble,
And bow down their necks 'neath the "Juggernaut" car,
But brave men will rise in the strength of their manhood
And cry "Give me freedom, or else give me war."

Chorus.

Farewell, forever, the star-spangled banner
No longer shall wave o'er the land of the free—
In its place we'll unfurl to the broad breeze of Heaven,
Thirteen bright stars 'round the Palmetto tree.

We honor—yes, honor—bold South Carolina,
Though small she may be, she's as brave as the best;
The flagship of States, she's out on the ocean,
To beat back the waves of a dark billow's crest.
Chorus—Farewell, etc.

We honor—yes, honor—our seceding Sisters,
Who launched this brave bark alone on the sea;
Though tempests may howl and threaten destruction,
We'll hurl to the blast the proud Palmetto tree.
Chorus—Farewell, etc.

And when to the contest the others cry "Rescue"
Virginia, undaunted, will rush to the fight,
To break down the ice-burys of Northern coercion,
And rise in her glory of freedom and right.
Chorus—Farewell, etc.

When the fair "Fifteen Sisters," a bright constellation,
Shall dazlingly shine in a nation's pure skies,
With no hands to oppose, no foes to oppress them,
They'll gleam there forever, a light to all eyes.
Chorus—Farewell, etc.

By MRS. E. D. HUNDLEY.

May 14, 1862.

The above was sung in my first entertainment; benefit of
Ragland Guards, A. D. 1862.

HE WON THE BOOTS.

While Longstreet's corps was passing through Columbia, a soldier stepped into a store and called for a pair of boots. A pair was handed out and the price demanded. "Sixty dollars," said the merchant. "Mighty high," said the soldier. "Tell me of anything that is not high," responded the merchant, "and I will make you a present of the boots." "Soldier's wages, sir," promptly replied the soldier.

"Take the boots," said the merchant, and the soldier marched off with them, leaving the merchant quite convinced that "the boot was on the right foot."

A. D. 1864.

FAREWELL TO YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle, fare you well,
Rice and cotton flout you,
Once they liked you very well,
But now they'll do without you.

Yankee Doodle used to treat
Old Pompey as a neighbor,
He didn't grab his bread and meat,
Nor cavil at his labor.

But Doodle now has got so keen
For every dirty shilling;
Propose a job, however mean,
And Yankee Doodle's willing.

Doodle, too, has had the luck
To get a new religion;
A kind of holy zeal to pluck
At everybody's pigeon.

Doodle's morbid conscience strains
With Puritanic vigor,
To loose the only friendly chains
That ever bound a nigger.

Yet Doodle knows as well as I,
That when he's come and freed 'em,
He'd see a million niggers die
Before he'd help to feed 'em.

Yankee Doodle sent us down
A gallant missionary,
His name was Captain Johnny Brown,
The "Priest of Harper's Ferry."

With pikes he tried to magnify
The Gospel creed of Beecher,
But Old Virginia lifted high
This military preacher.

Yet, glory to his name is sung,
As if with sin untainted,
The bloody wretch by justice hung,
By bigotry is sainted.

Yankee Doodle, now good bye,
We spurn a thing so rotten,
Proud Independence is the cry
Of Sugar, Rice and Cotton.

Atlanta, Ga., February 1, 1861.

THE SOUTH'S APPEAL TO WASHINGTON.

Say, would'st thou tamely stand?
 Say, would'st thou see
 Thine own fair Daughters of the South,
 Battling alone for what thou hast
 Taught them first to love,
 Alone to struggle for the boon
 Thou hast taught us first to prize—
 Freedom from tyranny?

Say, proud patriot, would'st thou
 Have us bend our necks,
 And tamely wear the galling yoke
 By fierce fanatics forged?
 Would'st thou see us—
 Children of the brave old sires,
 Who knew no fear
 When all they held most dear
 Lay at the mercy of a tyrants nod,
 Yield to Oppression's bloody wrongs?

If need be we'll stand alone,
 Stemming the tide of deep Oppression's wrongs,
 Had thousands hemmed brave Henry 'round
 His cry would still have rung as fearlessly—
 "Our Rights!" If that be treason, let it be,
 "Our Rights!" as Henry said, so now say we;
 Rights of the South, we will be free
 From broken faith, from compromises free,
 If that be treason, rank rebellion,
 Let it be!

One loud, echoing voice is heard,
 One feeling deep each breast hath stirred,
 As from their quiet homes they go,
 Our sons to battle with the foe.
 That echoing voice so loud and deep,
 That feeling which can never sleep,
 Is love, love of liberty.
 "Father of our Country!"
 "Freedom" is now thy children's cry.

Freemen we'll live!
 Yes, freemen die!
 Washington, we learned that cry from thee,
 "If it be treason," rank rebellion—
 Let it be!
 "Our Rights!" the South must—
 Shall be free.
 If it be treason, let it be!

ANONYMOUS.

N. B.—The above was recited by Miss Annie Gammell,
 of Hampton, A. D. 1862.

CALL ALL ! CALL ALL !

(By Georgia.)

Whoop ! the Doodles have broke loose,
Running round like the very deuce,
Vermin of Egypt—a hungry pack—
After 'em boys and drive 'em back.

Bulldog, terrier, cur and fice,
Back to the beggarly land of ice,
Worry 'em, bite 'em, scratch and tear
Everybody and everywhere.

Old Kentucky is caved from under;
Tennessee is split asunder;
Alabama awaits attack,
And Georgia bristles up her back.

Old John Brown is dead and gone,
Still his soul is marching on,
Lantern jaws and legs, my boys,
Long as apes from Illinois.

Want a weapon ? Gather a brick,
Club or cudgel, stone or stick,
Anything with a blade or butt,
Anything that can cleave or cut.

Anything heavy, or hard or keen,
Any sort of slaying machine;
Anything, with a willing mind,
And the steady arm of a man behind.

Want a weapon ? Why capture one !
Every Doodle has got a gun—
Belt and bayonet, bright and new,
Kill a Doodle and capture two.

Shoulder to shoulder, son and sire,
All ! call all ! to the feast of fire,
Mother and maiden; child and slave,
A common weal or a common grave.

—Rockingham, Va., Register.

It will be noticed that these verses are taken from the press of the day. Some show an impetuosity belonging to the section. Some take things in humorous vein. We find as we go along that they run from "grave to gay," from "reverend to severe."

LINES TO THE SOUTHERN BANNER.

Dear flag that woos the morning air;
That floats upon the midnight breeze,
Victorious on the battle field;
Victorious on the seas;
We bless thee, as we see thee gleam
In glory o'er each Southern plain.

Dark was the hour when first thy folds
Were given to the wind,
And sable clouds from Northern skies
Did fiercely o'er thee bend;
But still thy stars with luster shone
Despite the North cloud's lowering gloom.

At Sumter soon in glory thou
Did'st o'er thy haughty rival ride,
There shame did'st stamp on vandal brow;
There first did'st blast the vandal pride,
And gave the vandal horde to know
At least thou met a worthy foe.

Then thou did'st kiss Virginia's sky,
Did'st gild Manassas with thy beams,
And force the dastard foe to fly—
Back from our sunny plains,
Unable to endure thy light,
Or to resist the Southern's might.

Nor is it on the land alone
That thou dost emblem victory;
But where the eternal billows roam
Thou hast looked down with eagle-eye
On contests where the Northern foe
Before the Southern's arm bent low.

Full brightly gleam thy noble bars;
Thy stars in radiant circle shine,
Emblem of the eternity
Of our young Southern clime;
The last Atlantis, poets sung,
Which has among the nations sprung.

Loved flag, may'st thou forever float,
Above the fairest of earth's realms,
And may'st thou neighboring nations take
Beneath the shadow of thy wings;
May Mexico and the Indian Isles
Soon bask beneath thy loving smiles.

For e'er untarnished be thy folds,
For e'er increasing be thy stars,
And in the realms thou floatest o'er
Be naught of strife, be naught that mars,
And may'st thou be the last to shine
When Heaven proclaims the end of time.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for the property we gained by honest toll;
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and
far :
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Chorus :

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Southern rights, hurrah !
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and brethren kind were we, and just;
But now, when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single
star.

Chorus :

First gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand,
Then came Alabama and took her by the hand;
Next, quickly, Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single
star.

Chorus :

Ye men of valor gather round the banner of the right,
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;
With Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesmen rare,
We'll rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single
star.

Chorus :

And here's to brave Virginia, the Old Dominion State,
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate,
Impelled by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Chorus :

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old we'll fight, our heritage to save,
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Chorus :

Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise a joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina, now have both gone out,
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given,
The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be
eleven.

Chorus :

A. D., 1862.

OUR FLAG—THE STARS AND BARS.

No more seen through the rifts of the battle smoke, the long grey line presses to the height in the charge, through the descending avalanche of lead and iron. No more fluttering in the van of the fiendish storm flies that flag—now lifted, now lowered, now seen, now lost, now struggling to the apex, almost crowned. They have gone down together—that long grey line—that flag.

Would it not be a shame to us
If their memory part from our land and heart,
And a wrong to them and a blame to us ?

As the sea echoes in the shell we may still hear the far-off din of battle receding down the years. As pass the clouds, as dies the storm, the wheels of the thunder chariot echoing fainter and fainter, rolling upon the horizon's verge and passing out of sound to be "enshrined in a nation's heart." Children of the honored South love that flag !

Love it! it is gory,
And 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
For its fame on brightest pages—
Sung by poets, penned by sages,
Shall go thundering down the ages.

Again, never forget this fact that :

"It is but right," said one of our bravest Southern soldiers,
"that the flag they fought for should be laid upon their tomb."

For in life they hailed it gladly,
And by thousands, wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave.

A YANKEE SHIBBOLETH.

When Colonel Bates' Tennessee Legion was stationed on the Potomac, a man, claiming to be a citizen of that neighborhood, came and desired to get within our lines to hunt his "keows." The Colonel, not liking his nasal twang, replied: "I can't permit you to pass in; if any person wishes to come in to hunt cows he can do so, but we cannot let anyone pass who wishes to hunt "keows." Good for you, Colonel Bates, let the Shibboleth be "cows," and a blue-coated Yankee will mispronounce it every pop.

OUR CAUSE.

Oh, story long and sad to tell,
Of how we fought, and how we fell,
Oppressed in peace, to arms we fled,
And sought the battlefield.
And now we mourn unnumbered dead,
Whose blood in Freedom's cause was shed,
And shed without a yield.

The farmer left his growing crop,
The husband proud, his wife,
The mother's pride, her only prop,
The pleasure of her life.
To arms they fled, their country cried,
They heard the call and gladly died.

We asked not lands—we had the best;
We asked not wealth—the Northern test;
We asked not trains—we had our men;
We asked not pomp—what then, what then?
We asked our rights, and asking, swore
We'd have our rights or nothing more.

A thousand voices caught the cry,
It echoed through the land;
O'er hill and dale the watchwords fly,
Your rights, your arms demand.
A meagre band of souls we stood,
To stem the proud oppressing flood—
An isolated band
Without a helping hand,
We vainly fought, but proudly fell,
Whilst wondering tongues our actions tell.

We fought while fortune faltered,
We fought 'till Hope had fled,
And then with armies shattered,
And banners torn and tattered,
And friends, the fondest, scattered
We knew not where, but dead!

We grounded arms 'mid weeping,
Our patriot band had failed;
Our hearts were faintly keeping
Time to the drums-beat creeping
Adown our line 'twas sweeping
Away our hopes—hearts quailed.

We failed, our flag forever,
In tears we took it down;
Our loved flag that never
Had yet been seen to waver,
It floated proudly ever,
Fit emblem of renown.

ANON.

THE BATTLE CALL.

Rise, Southmen ! the day of your glory,
 The hour of your destiny's near—
 The fame of your chivalrous story
 All nations are eager to hear.
 A luminous halo is shining
 Around the old PALMETTO STATE,
 The bones of our PROPHET enshrining—
 Her brave ones are never too late.
 There FIRST from the bonds of oppression
 The Southman unloosed the stronghold ;
 There FIRST heard a nation's confession
 In Sumter's loud thunderings told.

FLORIDA ! thou region of flowers ;
 Rich land of the laurel and bay,
 Though cradled in warm, sunny bowers,
 Now hurry thy brave ones away.
 Go, twine for thy struggling nation
 A garland to wreath its scarred brow ;
 The south wind—a sweet inspiration,
 To cheer thy young soldiers on now.

And foremost THY banners are streaming ;—
 And FIRST, on Manassas' red plain,
 The sword of old GEORGIA there gleaming,
 Hath cleft the invader in twain.
 My country ! I may not implore thee !
 The brave have not fallen in vain ;
 Thy sons heard the warning before me,
 And hasten to glory again.

Rise up in thy strength, ALABAMA !
 An argosy sweeps o'er the sea ;
 Rush on to the battle's loud clamor,
 Thy children were born to be free !
 The fleet of the tyrant is mooring
 Along on thy white, sandy shore ;
 No longer their insults enduring,
 Go forth to the conflict once more.

Come, brave MISSISSIPPI, to battle !
 The point of your steel has been tried,
 The sound of your musketry's rattle
 Is heard by the Southman with pride—
 It rose in the morn of your glory,
 And down on the ages shall set ;
 The fame of your chivalrous story,
 The SOUTHMAN can never forget.

The SOLDIER who led forth your legions,
 And answered his country's FIRST call,
 Away in those far SOUTHERN regions,
 Now stands at the head of us all—
 Above, his high valor outshining,
 The glory of bloody old Mars,
 The praise of a nation is twining
 Our flag with its girdles and stars.

Come, sons of the fair LOUISIANA !
Forsake the warm glow of your sky—
Unfurl to the free wind your banner,
The day of your destiny's nigh ;
The breath of the South wind is laden
With perfume of tropical flowers ;
Come forth ! for that beautiful Eden,
And shield from the spoiler your bowers.

Come, TEXAS ! send forth your bold Rangers,
The heroes of battles untold—
Accustomed to trials and dangers,
Come ! stand by your rights as of old ;
The deeds of your chivalrous daring
Are writ on the Alamo's wall,
A record which ruin is sparing—
Come forth ! to your country's loud call.

Thou rigid old nurse of the nation,
VIRGINIA ! great mother of States,
Thy name yields a high inspiration !
To that which the fearless creates.
'Twas here in the grand "OLD DOMINION,"
That Liberty fledged its young plume,
And waving aloft on its pinion
The death-seal of tyranny's doom.

Old home of the heroes ! whose ashes
Repose in thy sanctified dust,
Above them the infidel dashes
Invading thine own hallowed trust.
O, spirits of heroes immortal !—
Look down on the whole Southern host,
And see from the heaven—high portal
That SOUTHMEN stand true to their post.

And THOU, too, "OLD NORTH STATE," art ready !
And watching with sentinel eye ;
The range of thy rifles is steady,
At sight of the foe to let fly.
Now come, with the courage of olden !
And firm by thy principles stand ;
The cause shall thy spirit embolden,
Though sons of a valiant old land !

Hurrah ! for the spirit of glory,
The sons of the "VOLUNTEER STATE ;"
There is many a battle-field gory,
That tells of their chivalrous fate.
Like spray on the tempest-stirred ocean,
They scattered the foe in his might ;
Old TENNESSEE'S soul is in motion,
Her banners are FIRST in the fight.

ARKANSAS! send forth your true rifles,
 Your sons all the bravest and best;
 The time has now past for the trifles
 Of hunting and game in the West—
 'Tis the voice of your country that calls you
 Away from your wild forest home;
 And now whatsoever befalls you,
 Sharp-shooters of ARKANSAS, come!

MISSOURI lies fettered and groaning,
 And crushed by oppression and wrath;
 Oh! rise! from your desolate mourning,
 And follow the foe in his path—
 Nor mountains, nor rivers, impeding,
 Oppression hath rolled its dark flood—
 The cry of your children unheeding—
 The PRICE of your freedom is BLOOD.

Oh! where are your hunters, KENTUCKY,
 Who've filled the whole world with their fame?
 The fates, in an hour so unlucky,
 Have hidden your valor in shame.
 Now, by the brave souls of your fathers,
 That look from the portals of Heaven,
 With blessings from lips of your mothers,
 Come forth! and your chains shall be riven.

Send forth, ARIZONA, thy trappers,
 Though YOUNGEST and WEAKEST of all;
 Thy yeomen, thy miners and choppers,
 Must come to the battle's loud call.
 Or, wherefore thy rich hidden treasure,
 If tyrants must crush out the ore?
 Forego now thy infantile pleasure,
 And baptize thy birthright in gore!

O MARYLAND! deep we deplore thee,
 And weep at thy prison and chains;
 But eye of the brave watches o'er thee,
 While a spark of thy freedom remains.
 Thou may'st bend as the storm rushes o'er thee,
 And rock with the tyrant's dread shake;
 O MARYLAND! deep we deplore thee!
 Oppression may BEND, but not BREAK.

Rise Southmen! the day of your glory,
 The hour of your destiny's near—
 The fame of your chivalrous story
 All nations are eager to hear.
 Cold, cold, though the freezing hail rattles,
 O'er corpses enshrouded in snow;
 Yet the God of your fathers' old battles
 Now urges their children to go.

Composed by MRS. E. M. MCCORD VERNON.

Richmond, February 20, 1862.

N. B.—The above was recited by MISS JENNIE GARRISON, of
 Petersburg, Va., A. D. 1862.

CREATION OF DIXIE.

Created by a nation's glee,
 With jest and song and revelry,
 We sang it in our early pride
 Throughout our Southern borders wide,
 While from the thousands' throats rang out
 A promise in one glorious shout
 "To live or die for Dixie."

How well that promise was redeemed,
 Is witnessed by each field where gleamed
 Victorious—like the crest of Mars—
 The Banner of the Stars and Bars!
 The cannons lay our warriors low—
 We fill the ranks and onward go
 "To live or die for Dixie!"

To die for Dixie!—Oh, how blessed
 Are those who early went to rest;
 Nor knew the future's awful store,
 But deemed the cause they fought for sure
 As heaven itself, and so laid down,
 The cross of earth for glory's crown,
 And nobly died for Dixie.

*To LIVE for Dixie—harder part!
 To stay the hand—to still the heart—
 To seal the lips—enshroud the past—
 To have no future—all o'ercast—
 But knit life's broken threads again,
 And keep her memory pure from stain—
 This is—to LIVE for Dixie.

Belovéd land! belovéd song,
 Your thrilling power shall last as long—
 Enshrined within each Southern soul—
 As Time's eternal ages roll;
 Made holier by the test of years—
 Baptiséd with our country's tears—
 God and the right for Dixie!

1861.

(Anonymous.)

*"Dixon" says—Peace was declared, but a war far worse was left on our hands. What fiercer struggle than that of intelligence and virtue against ignorance and vice. What greater conqueror than he, who under such conditions, ruled his own spirit.

IMPUDENT YANKEES.

As a fop was riding a very fine horse in the park, a young and pretty lady was very evidently admiring the animal, when he stopped and very impudently asked: "Are you admiring me, Miss," "No," was the reply, "I was admiring the horse, not the donkey."

WHERE IS THE REBEL FATHERLAND ?

Where is the Rebel Fatherland?
Is it Maryland, dear Maryland?
The land of Carroll ! Thomas ! Kane !
McHenry's walls and dungeon chains ?

Chorus—Oh, no! oh, no! oh, no! no, no;
Our Fatherland's not bounded so.

WHERE is the REBEL Fatherland?
Is it VIRGINIA's dear "Motherland?"
Where every vale's a soldier's grave,
Who died his native land to save?

Chorus—Oh, no! etc.

Where is the REBEL Fatherland?
Is it Carolina? Georgia's strand?
Is it Florida, with Summer bloom?
Or that which holds brave Morgan's tomb?

Chorus—Oh, no! etc.

Where is the Rebel Fatherland?
Is it Louisiana's tropic land?
The land which guards our Allen's grave,
And Dreux, who loved, but could not save?

Chorus—Oh, no! etc.

Where is the Rebel Fatherland?
Is it Mississippi's glorious land?
Or Alabama's faithful breast,
On which her martyr dead do rest?

Chorus—Oh, no! etc.

Where is the Rebel Fatherland?
Is it Arkansas? or Missouri land?
Lands still in blood and tears baptized?
Where every breeze bears groans and sighs?

Chorus—Oh, no! etc.

Where is the Rebel Fatherland?
Is it Tennessee, the oppressed?
Where angels watch Zollicoffer's tomb,
And, shud'ring, whisper Brownlow's doom?

Chorus—Oh, no? etc.

Where is the Rebel Fatherland?
Is it Texas land—the Lone Star land?
The land of Wharton, Johnson, Hood,
Goliad, and where the ALAMO stood?

Chorus—Oh, no! etc.

THIS is the Rebel Fatherland!
Oh! Heavenly Father, BLESS this land!
ALL lands o'er which the BLUE CROSS waved,
Where patriots bold the invaders braved.

Chorus—THIS is OUR land, our FATHERLAND!
THIS is the "REBEL" Fatherland.

Where "Boys in GREY" fill martyr graves,
From Chesapeake to Tampa's waves;
From where the hoarse Atlantic roars
To Rio Grande's quiet shores,
THIS is OUR land, our SOUTHERN land;
THIS, THIS, our OWN dear Fatherland.

By MRS. M. J. P.

"WE COME! WE COME!"

We come, we come, for death or life,
For the grave or victory!
We come to the broad red sea of strife,
Where the black flag waveth free;
We come as men, to do or die,
Nor feel that the lot is hard,
When our Hero calls—and our battle cry
Is "On to Beauregard!"

Up, craven, up! 'tis no time for ease,
When the crimson war-tide rolls
To our very doors—up, up, for these
Are times to try men's souls!
The purple gore calls from the sod
Of our martyred brothers' graves,
And prays for the strong right hand of God
To guard our avenging braves.

And unto the last bright drop that thrills
The depths of the Southern heart;
We must battle for our sunny hills
For the freedom of our mart.
For all that honor claims, or right
For country, love and home,
Shout to the trampling steeds of might,
Our cry—we come, we come.

And let our path through their serried ranks
Be the fierce tornado's track
That bursts from the torrid's fervid banks
And scatters destruction black.
For the hot life leaping in the veins
Of our young Confederacy
Must break for aye the galling chains
Of dark-browed treachery.

On, on, 'tis our gallant chieftian calls
Our hero of the plain,
For aid to guard the homestead walls,
He must not call in vain.
We come, we come, to do or die,
Nor feel that the lot is hard,
God and our rights be the battle cry,
And on to Beauregard.

By MILLIE MAYFIELD.

Dedicated to the Crescent Regiment of New Orleans, Col.
M. I. Smith.

SECESSION, OR UNCLE SAM'S TROUBLESOME DAUGHTERS.

Waking up one lovely morning
In the Autumn's rarest prime,
Gathered in the richest harvest
That the world has reaped in time—
Golden sheaves of peace and plenty,
Graced our hills on every hand,
While the waves of richest commerce
Kissed the shores of every land.

Uncle Sam, among the nations,
Proudly stood that glorious morn,
Eying crowns and tyranny
With a great contempt and scorn.
Poor old man was in his dotage,
With his eyes so bleared and old;
He could'nt see his favorite children
Growing insolent and bold.

He could not see the covert sneer
Lurking in their Judas' smile,
Nor hear the cry of the oppressed
As they were trod upon the while;
For when they cry "Long live the Union
Of the glorious Thirty-three,"
"All's right," he mutters, nestling closer
In his chair of luxury.

Long the "Thirteen Sisters" bore it,
Seeking vainly for redress,
While the others rendered to them
Only scorn and bitterness.

South Carolina, nobly daring,
Smarting to the very core,
With flashing eye and haughty bearing,
Stepped at once outside the door.

Oh! how they laughed with jeer and taunt,
Gathered then in Washington:
"Let her go, she'll soon repent
Of her folly—simple one!"

"Let her go!" she'll soon long
For old home-endearing charms,
Let her go and she'll soon find
She can't live without our shelt'ring arms.

Toying with the new-born flowers,
Listening to the maddening shout,
Florida gathered her apron up
And followed her sister out.

Then came Georgia—dearest Georgia!
With a calm, decided air—
Looked with stern and earnest gaze
Upon the falsehoods glitt'ring there.

And with firm, unfaltering step,
Turned toward the opening door—
Crossed the threshold of the White House
To re-enter—nevermore.

Alabama, Mississippi—
With your soft and gentle smile—
Can you linger where dew-eyed Pity
Never human woes beguile?

Nay, my Sisters, we are coming—
Coming quickly after you,
Hand in hand in all the future
You will ever find us true.

Louisiana, dainty belle,
Of them all the household pet,
Waved her flourishing farewell,
And left her home without regret.

Then came Texas—rosy Texas—
With a bounding step and free,
Youngest of the fairy train,
Seeking truth and liberty.

Here the old man from his stupor,
Starting, rubbed his swimming eyes,
And that which once awakened laughter
Now breeds anger and surprise.

What! seven daughters left my home!
Surely they are off the track,
Come, my loyal children! come!
We must force those truants back.

Force us back, sir! did you say?
Why that remains but to be seen;
For if you do, you'll whip Virginia—
Fairest of the fair Thirteen.

North Carolina felt a chillness
Creeping o'er her as she rose,
And gathering her mantle round her,
Turned her back upon her foes.

Then we said "will she, too, come—
Gentle, meek-eyed Tennessee?"
List! the answer that returns—
"Give me Death or Liberty!"

Alas! Missouri, poor Missouri!
Why did you linger in that hour;
'Till their haughty spell had bound you;
'Till they had you in their power?
But behold a giant struggle
Breaks the bands—her freedom's won,
Listen! ye brave souls of Belmont;
Bloody fields of Lexington.

Then Kentucky, wild Kentucky,
Ran and jumped upon the fence,
Where she might, all unmolested,
Watch the progress of events.
Foolish child, rouse, rouse to action!
Know you not what woes betide?
Then Kentucky, struggling, bleeding,
Tumbled over on our side.

Three cheers then for the mystic number!
Sound it well o'er land and sea;
Let the nations all regard us,
For we must and will be free.

Note.—Sent to the compiler to dramatize in the year 1862, by unknown author. Will be glad to know the originator, as original copy is preserved.

Recited by Miss Drummond, of Norfolk, Va.

FEMALE HEROISM.

Two of the late Judge Clopton's daughters had a servant hired at Fortress Monroe, and could not get her by sending. They made one of their servants row them to the fort in a boat. They were armed with revolvers and demanded admittance. The sentinel refused. They insisted and were told that they would be fired upon. They said: "Fire, then," and drew their revolvers and entered the fort. They told the officers that they had heard that the Hampton people should not throw up sand banks, but that it should be done if the ladies had to do it; that they would head a company of ladies to do it. The officers said if they were specimens of the ladies, they did not know what the men of Hampton would do.

O ! I'M A GOOD OLD REBEL.

O !I'm a good old rebel,
Now that's just what I am;
For this " Fair Land of Freedom "
I do not care—at all.
I'm glad I fit against it,
I only wish we'd won,
And I don't want no pardon
For anything I've done.

I hate the Constitution,
This great Republic, too,
I hate the Freedman's Bureau,
In uniforms of blue;
I hate the nasty eagle,
With all his brag and fuss,
The lying, thieving Yankees,
I hate them wuss and wuss.

I hate the Yankee Nation,
And everything they do;
I hate the Declaration
Of Independence, too;
I hate the glorious Union,
'Tis dripping with our blood;
I hate the striped banner,
I fit it all I could.

I followed old Mar's Robert
For four years, near about,
Got wounded in three places,
And starved at Pint Lookout;
I cotched the roomatism
A camping in the snow;
But I killed a chance of Yankees—
I'd like to kill some mo.

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Lie stiff in Southern dust;
We got three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us;
They died of Southern fever
And Southern steel and shot;
I wish it was three millions,
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em now no more;
But I ain't a going to love 'em,
Now that is sartain sure;
And I don't want no pardon,
For what I was and am;
I won't be reconstructed,
And I don't care a—cent.

Respectfully dedicated to Thad. Stevens, 1862.

Sung by Harry Allen, Washington Artillery, New Orleans,
La.

G. S. P. C.

A SOUTHERN BATTLE HYMN.

God of our fathers ! King of Kings !
 Lord of the earth and sea !
 With hearts repentant and sincere
 We turn, in need, to Thee;
 Thou, Lord, did'st aid our fathers bold,
 They owned Thy power and might,
 We humbly pray Thee help us now,
 Be with us in the fight.

We kneel with simple, trusting hearts,
 Lord, we implore Thy aid,
 Grant us the power to triumph now,
 Or to die undismayed.
 We strive not, Lord, for lust or gold,
 Nor for blind bigotry;
 We fight for home and country, dear,
 And Thy gift, liberty.

We have no power without Thy aid,
 We rest alone on Thee;
 Be with us in our trial stern,
 And grant us victory.
 Give us the hearts that Thou did'st plant
 Within our fathers brave,
 Lord nerve each heart to welcome death,
 Rather than live a slave.

God of our fathers ! King of Kings !
 We humbly bow to Thee;
 Defend and save us with Thy might,
 Our ~~holy~~ liberty.
 So shall each proud and martial heart,
 Thy mighty name adore,
 And own and worship Thee, the Lord,
 Both now and evermore.

ANONYMOUS.

May 25, 1861.

INCIDENT IN GENERAL LEE'S LIFE.

At a meeting held in one of our Southern cities to do honor to the memory of General Lee, it was said an offer, originating in Georgia, I believe, was made to him to place an immense sum of money at his disposal if he would consent to reside in the city of New York and represent Southern commerce. Millions would have flowed to him, but he declined. He said: "No, I am grateful, but I have a self-imposed task, which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard; I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life."

HON. H. W. HILLIARD.

ORDERED AWAY.

Dedicated to the Oglethorpe and Walker Light Infantries.

By MRS. J. J. JACOBUS.

At the end of each street a banner we meet,
The people all march in a mass,
But quickly aside, they step back with pride,
To let the brave companies pass.
The streets are dense filled, but the laughter is stilled—
The crowd is all going one way;
Their cheeks are blanched white, but they smile as they
light
Lift their hats to the—ordered away.

They smile while the dart pierces deeply their heart,
But each eye flashes back the war glance,
And they watch the brave file march up with a smile,
'Neath their flag—with their muskets and lance;
The cannon's loud roar vibrates on the shore,
But the people are quiet to-day,
As, startled, they see how fearless and free
March the companies—ordered away.

Not a quiver or gleam of fear can be seen,
Though they go to meet death in disguise,
For the hot air is filled with poison distilled,
'Neath the rays of fair Florida's skies.
Hark, the drum and fife awake to new life
The soldiers who—"Can't get away,"
Who wish as they wave their hats to the brave,
That they were the—ordered away.

As our parting grows near, let us quell back the tear,
Let our smiles shine as bright as of yore;
Let us stand with the mass, salute as they pass,
And weep when we see them no more.
Let no tear-drop or sigh dim the light of our eye,
Or move from our lips—as they say—
While waving our hand to a brave little band,
Good bye to the—ordered away.

Let them go in God's name, in defense of their fame,
Brave death at the cannon's wide mouth;
Let them honor and save the land of the brave,
Plant Freedom's bright flag in the South.
Let them go while we weep, and lone vigils keep,
We will bless them and fervently pray,
To the God whom we trust, for our cause firm but just
And our loved ones—the ordered away.

When fierce battles storm, we will rise up each morn,
Teach our young sons the sabre to wield;
Should their brave father's die, we will arm them to fly
And fill up the gap in the field.
Then, fathers and brothers, fond husbands and lovers,
March, march bravely on, we will stay,
Alone in our sorrow, to pray on each morrow,
For our loved ones—the ordered away.

GONE TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

JOHN ANTROBUS.

The reaper has left the field
The mower has left the plain,
And the reaper's hook and the mower's scythe
Are changed to the sword again;
For the voice of a hundred years ago,
When Freedom struck her mightiest blow,
Thrills every heart and brain.

The wayside mill is still,
And the wheel drips all alone,
For the miller's brother and son and sire
And the miller's self have gone;
And their wives and daughters tarrying still
With smiles and tears about the mill,
Wave, wave their heroes on.

The grain is full and ripe,
And the harvest moon is nigh,
But the farmer's son is among the slain
And the father heard the cry,
And his ancient eyes flashed fires of old,
His hoary head rose strong and bold,
As, wild, he hurried by.

The corn is yet afield,
But many a stalk is red,
Yet not with the autumn tassel stained,
But the blood of heroes shed.
And their blood cries out from Heaven of slain,
Oh, brothers, leave the sheaves of grain,
On, to the fields of the dead.

But every quiet farm,
Whence father and son had gone,
The fairest daughters of the land,
Brave-hearted cheer us on;
With the tender smiles that shelter tears,
And words to thrill a soldier's ears,
When bloody fields are won.

Scarcely the form of man
Was seen on the long highway,
But patriot age, whose withered hands
Stretched feebly up to pray,
And children, whose voices haunt us still,
Gathered on every knoll and hill,
Cheering us on our way.

Yonder, with feeble limbs,
A matron with silver hair,
Knelt trembling down on the soldier's path,
And breathed to Heaven a prayer,
With quivering lips and streaming eyes,
O, God, preserve these gallant boys,
In battle be Thou there.

O, soldiers such as these,
Like household memories come,
For a thousand prayers ascend to-day
From those we left at home.
For the red, red field to-night may be
Our couch, our grave, while victory
Shall shout above our tomb.

In battle's bloody hour
These pictures shall arise,
Of mothers, sisters, wives and homes,
And red and streaming eyes;
And every arm shall stronger be,
For home, for God, for liberty,
And strike while mercy dies.

Headquarters Ninth Virginia Regiment Volunteers.

SOUTHERN "RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG BOYS."

(A. D. 1862.)

(Battle Song.)

We are marching to the field, boys,
We're going to the fight,
Shouting the battle cry of "Freedom."
And we bear the Heavenly cross,
For our cause is in the right,
Shouting the battle-cry of "Freedom."

Chorus:

Our rights forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the tyrants, raise the Southern Cross,
And we'll rally 'round that flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of "Freedom."

Chorus:

We'll meet the Yankee hosts, boys,
With fearless hearts and true,
Shouting the battle-cry of "Freedom;"
And we'll show the dastard minions
What Southern pluck can do,
Shouting the battle-cry of "Freedom."

Chorus:

We'll fight them to the last, boys,
If we fall in the strife
Shouting the battle-cry of "Freedom."
Our comrades—noble boys!
Will avenge us, life for life,
Shouting the battle-cry of "Freedom."

Chorus:

To be free from Puritan yoke,
 We are going to the fight,
 Shouting the battle-cry of "Freedom."
 And the victory shall be ours,
 For we are rising in our might,
 Shouting the battle-cry of "Freedom."

Chorus:

Lo! we're springing to the call,
 From the East and from the West,
 Shouting the battle-cry of "Freedom."
 And we'll hurl the Yankee crew
 From the "land we love" the best,
 Shouting the battle-cry of "Freedom."

VIRGINIA'S CALL TO ARMS.

Come from your mountain regions,
 Come from your plains afar!
 Virginians, come by legions,
 Come panoplied for war!
 From every hill and valley,
 From cities and from farms,
 From every village rally,
 Rise up, prepare, to arms!

Who calls us from our borders?
 Who bids us leave our toll?
 Whence come these martial orders,
 And why this great turmoil?

'Tis I, my sons, no other!
 'Tis I, Virginia, calls;
 I am your common Mother,
 For I have borne you all.

That Mother—look upon her!
 Will you forsake her now,
 And suffer foul dishonor
 To brand her sacred brow?

Go forth, my sons, to battle,
 As went your sires of yore,
 'Mid cannon's boom and rattle.
 Drive the invader from my shore.

A. D. 1862.

ANONYMOUS.

I will be glad to discover the author.

Recited by Miss Lee Simpson, of Petersburg, Va.

SONG OF THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

(By P. E. C.)

Tune—"Barclay and Perkins' Drayman."

I'm a soldier, you see, that oppression has made.
I don't fight for pay or for booty,
But I wear in my hat a blue cockade,
Placed there by the fingers of Beauty.
The South is my home, where a black man is black,
And a white man there is a white man,
Now I'm tired of listening to Northern clack,
Let us see what they'll do in a fight, man.

The Yankees are cute, they have managed some how
Their business and ours to settle;
They make all we want from a pin to a plow,
Now we'll show them some Southern metal.
We have had just enough of their Northern law
That robbed us so long of our right, man,
And too much of their cursed abolition jaw—
Now we'll see what they'll do in a fight, man.

Their parsons will open their sanctified jaws
And cant of our slave-growing sin, sir;
They pocket the profits while preaching the laws
And manage our cotton to spin, sir.
Their incomes are nice on our sugar and rice,
Though against it the hypocrites write, sir;
Now our dander is up and they'll soon smell a mice
If we once get them into a fight, sir.

Our cotton bales once made a good barricade,
And can still do the State a good service,
With them and the boys of the blue cockade,
There is power enough to preserve us.
So shoulder your rifles, my boys, for defense,
In the cause of our freedom and right, man.
If there's no other way to learn them sense
We may teach them a lesson in fight, man.

The stars that are growing so fast on our flags,
We treasure as liberty's pearls, sir,
And stainless we'll bear them, though shot into rags,
They were fixed by the hands of our girls, sir.
And fixed they shall be in our National sky,
To guide through the future aright, man,
And young cousin Sam, with their gleam in his eye,
May dare the whole world to fight, man.

Note.—The foregoing lines were written on the 8th of January, 1861, for a friend who had intended to sing them in the theatre, but thought at the time to be too much in the Secession spirit.

Cousin Sam—or Confederate States.

—Richmond Examiner.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland !
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore,
That flowed the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to a wand'ring son's appeal,
Maryland, my Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland, my Maryland!
For life or death, for woe or weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thy gleaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come, with thy panoplied array,
Maryland, my Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Low and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come, for the shield is bright and strong,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come, to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And gives a new key to thy song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,
"Sic semper" is the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek
Maryland, my Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland, my Maryland!
But lo! there serges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thou'lt never crook to his control,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum,
She breathes, she burns, she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

The above is the true version as sung by Miss Nora Davidson's pupils in a concert benefit of Bollingbrook Hospital, A. D. 1862, assisted by Southern poet and actor Harry Macarthy.

HURRAH !

By a Mississippian.

Hurrah for the Southern Confederate States,
With their banner of red, white and blue !
Hurrah for their daughters, the fairest of earth,
And her sons ever loyal and true.

Hurrah and Hurrah for her brave volunteers,
Enlisted for freedom or death !
Hurrah for Jeff Davis, Commander-in-Chief,
And three cheers for the Palmetto wreath.

Hurrah for each heart that is right in the cause,
That cause we'll protect with our lives !
Hurrah for the first one who dies on the field,
And Hurrah for each one that survives.

Hurrah for the South ! Shout Hurrah and Hurrah !
O'er her soil she'll no tyrant have sway,
In peace or in war we will ever be found
Invincible now and for aye.

Mobile Register.

THE HEART OF LOUISIANA.

O! let me weep, while o'er our land
Vile discord strides, with sullen brow,
And drags to earth with ruthless hand,
The flag no tyrant's power could bow.

Trailed in the dust, englorious laid,
While one by one her stars retire,
And pride and power pursue the raid
That bids our liberty expire.

Aye! let me weep, for surely Heaven
In anger views the unholy strife,
And angels weep that thus is riven
The tie that gave to freedom life.

I cannot shout, I will not sing
Loud poems o'er a severed tie,
And draped in woe, in tears I fling
Our State's new flag to greet the sky.

I can but choose, while senseless zeal
And lawless hate is clothed with power,
The bitter cup, but still I feel
The sadness of this parting hour.

I know that thousands of hearts will bleed,
While loud huzzas the welkin ring;
The thoughtless crowd will shout Secede,
But ah! will this the conflict end.

Oh! let me weep, and prostrate lie,
Low at the footstool of my God;
I cannot breathe one note of joy,
While yet I feel his chastening rod.

Sure we have as a nation sinned,
Let every heart its folly own,
And sackcloth as a girdle bind,
And mourn, our glorious Union, gone!

Sisters, farewell, you know not half
The pain your pride, injustice give;
You spurn our cause and lightly laugh
And hope no more the wrong shall live.
—New Orleans Delta.

FEMALE SOLDIERS—A. D., 1862.

A beautiful sight was witnessed on Monday last. On the passage of the Clinch Rifles from Augusta to Millen, at several points young and beautiful ladies numbering from 60 to 80, were ranged along the railroad, with rifles in their hands, and presented arms to the Clinch Rifles as they passed.

Augusta, Ga., and Charleston, S. C.

MISSOURI.

Words and music by Harry Macarthy.

Missouri! Missouri! bright land of the West,
Where the way-worn emigrant always found rest,
Who gave to the farmer reward for the toil
Expended in breaking and turning the soil,
Awake to the notes of the bugle and drum!
Awake from your peace, for the tyrant hath come;
And swear by your honor that your chains shall be riven,
And add your bright Star to our Flag of Eleven.

They'd force you to join in their unholy fight
With fire and with sword, with power and with might,
'Gainst fathers and brothers and kindred near,
'Gainst women and children and all you hold dear;
They've o'errun your soil, insulted your press,
Murdered your citizens, shown no redress;
So swear by your honor that your chains shall be riven,
And add your bright Star to our Flag of Eleven.

Missouri! Missouri! where is thy proud fame?
Free land of the West, thy once-cherished name?
Trode in the dust by a tyrant's command,
Proclaiming there's martial law in the land.
Men of Missouri! strike without fear!
McCulloch, Jackson and brave men are near;
Swear by your honor that your chains shall be riven,
And add your bright Star to our Flag of Eleven.

"THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET."

By blue Patapsco's billowy dash,
The Tyrant's war shout comes
Along with the cymbal's fitful clash,
And the sound of sullen drums.
We heed it—we hear it—
With vengeful thrill,
And we'll never forgive nor forget!
There's faith in the streams—
There's hope in the hills—
And there's life in the "Old Land" yet.

Minions we sleep, but we are not dead,
We are crushed, we are scourged, we are scarred;
We crouch—'tis to welcome the triumph tread
Of the fearless Beauregard;
Then woe to your vile, polluting hordes
When "Southern Braves" are met—
There's faith in the streams—
There's hope in the hills—
And there's life in the "Old Land" yet.

Sung by Miss Tillie Dimitry, A. D. 1862.

TEXAS WAR SONG.

March, march on, brave "Palmetto boys,"
 "Sumter" and "Lafayettes" forward in order,
 March, march, "Calhoun" and "Rifle" boys;
 All the base Yankees are crossing the border.
 Banners are 'round you spread,
 Floating above your head,
 Soon shall the "Lone Star" be famous in story;
 On, on, my gallant men,
 Victory be yours again;
 Fight for your rights 'till the green sod is gory.
 March, march, etc.

Young wives and sisters have buckled your armour on,
 Maidens ye love bid ye go to the battlefield;
 Strong arms and stout hearts have many a victory won,
 Courage shall strengthen the weapons ye wield.
 Wild passions are storming,
 Dark schemes are forming,
 Deep snares are laid, but they shall not enthrall you,
 Justice your cause shall greet,
 Laurels lay at your feet;
 If each brave band be but watchful and wary.
 March, march, etc.

Let fear and unmanliness banish before ye,
 Trust in the Rock, who will shelter the righteous;
 Plant firmly each step on the soil of the free,
 A heritage left by the sires who bled for us;
 May each heart be bounding
 When trumpets are sounding,
 And the dark traitors shall strive to surround ye,
 The great God of battle
 Can still the war rattle,
 And brighten the land with a sunset of glory.

"LET HIM BE FREE."

Let him be free—his prison bars
 Are shadows on our fame,
 The bars have gone, but a shade will rest
 On lips that soil his name.

Let him be free—not with the leave
 To keep a strict parole,
 Be gallant to an open foe,
 And show a soldier's soul.

Let him be free—why should we fear
 A man whose every foe,
 Unites in calling "true as steel,"
 And this his life will show.

Is there a craven lip has said,
 "Imprison Robert Lee?"
 Then let us all united ask
 That Davis shall be free.

ANONYMOUS.

CONFEDERATE SONG.

(Written for Kirk's Ferry Rangers by their captain, E. Lloyd Nales, 4th of July, 1861, Catahoula, Louisiana.)

Rally 'round our country's flag,
Rally boys, nor do not lag;
Come from every vale and crag,
Sons of liberty.

Northern vandals tread our shore,
Forth they come for blood and spoil
To the homes we've gained with toil,
Shouting Slavery!

Traitorous Lincoln's bloody band
Now invades the freeman's land
Armed with sword and fire-brand
'Gainst the brave and free.

Arm ye then for fray and fight,
March ye forth both day and night
Stop not 'till the foe's in sight,
Sons of chivalry.

In your veins the blood still flows
Of brave men who once arose,
Burst the shackles of their foes—
Honest men and free.

Rise then in your power and might,
Seek the spoiler, brave the fight;
Strike for God, for Truth, for Right,
Strike for Liberty.

JEFFERSON DAVIS' TRUE NATURE.

An Affecting Scene.

Just after President Davis' speech in Columbus he was informed that a Mrs. ———, an old acquaintance and once a neighbor of his, who is now an exile from her home, was in the crowd and wished to see him. "God bless her, where is she," said he, and on her being pointed out, he made for her, and the old lady for him. As they met she threw her arms around him and wept like a child, and even the "iron man," as he was sometimes called, shed a tear, too.

This dear man would unbend and enter into the sorrows of the old, then turn and chat with little children, thereby showing a tender, gentle and sympathetic nature.

"OUR LEE."

When falls the soldier brave,
 Dead at the feet of wrong :
 The poet sings and guards his grave
 With sentinels of song.
 "Songs! march!" he gives command,
 "Keep faithful watch and true;"
 The living and dead of the conquered land
 Have now no guard save you.

"Sad ballads! mark ye well,
 Thrice holy is your trust!
 Go out to the fields where warriors fell
 And sentinel their dust."
 And the songs in stately rhyme
 And with softly sounding tread,
 Go forth to watch for a time—
 When sleep the DEATHLESS dead.

When falls the cause of Right,
 The poet grasps his pen,
 And in gleaming letters of living light
 Transmits the TRUTH to men.
 When the flag of Justice fails—
 Ere its folds have yet been furled—
 The poet waves its folds, in WAILES,
 That reach far o'er the world.

When the warrior's sword is lowered—
 Ere its stainless sheen grows dim—
 The bard flings forth its dying gleam
 On the wings of a deathless hymn.
 "Fly, song!" he says, who sings,
 Go tell the world this tale—
 Bear it afar on your tireless wings,
 The RIGHT will yet prevail.

"Go, song! like the thunder's breath,
 Boom over the world and say:
 Brave men may die, RIGHT HAS no death!
 Truth never shall pass away!"
 And the songs with brave, sad face,
 Go proudly down their way;
 Few last; for all of the human race—
 Most; pass away in a day.

We wait a grand voiced bard
 Who, when he sings, will send
 Such songs as will forever guard
 The "LOST CAUSE" to time's end.
 He HAS not come—he WILL;
 But when he sings, his song
 Will stir the world to its depth and THRILL
 True hearts with its tale of wrong.

The great Lost Cause still waits—
 Its bard has not come yet;
 When he shines through one of to-morrow's gates
 His song shall never set,
 But harps are in every land
 That await a voice that sings—
 And a master hand; and the humblest hand
 May gently touch its strings.

I sing with a voice too low
 To be heard beyond to-day—
 In minor keys of my people's woe,
 But my songs pass away.
 To-morrow hears them not;
 To-morrow belongs to fame;
 My songs, like the birds', will be forgot,¹
 And forgotten will be my name.

And yet, who knows?—betimes
 The grandest songs depart;
 While the gentle and humble and low-toned rhymes
 Re-echo from heart to heart.
 But ah! IF in song or speech—
 In major or minor key—
 I could to the end of the ages reach
 I would whisper the name of "LEE."

But when, "Grand Bard," you come to sing,
 Let me give you the cord and key
 To attune each note of your grand harp's string
 To the name and the fame of Lee,
 "Forth from its scabbard! never hand
 Waved sword from stain as free,
 Nor purer sword led a braver band,
 Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
 Nor brighter land had a cause more grand
 Nor cause a man like LEE."

FATHER RYAN.

WITTY SOUTHERN GIRL.

The Yankees having elected A——y K——y, a Union man, judge in the Jefferson, Va., District, one of them asked a young lady what she thought of it? She replied that she thought, under the circumstances, it was very appropriate. Being surprised at such a reply from a Southern lady, the Yankee asked her why she thought so? "Because," she replied, "as you have kept your horses in the court house, and thus made a stable of the temple of justice, it is altogether proper that you should put an ass on the bench."

Staunton, Va.

Lines written by the Earl of Derby, on the fly leaf of a copy of his translation of "Homer's Iliad," and presented by the Earl to Robert E. Lee.

The grand old bard, who never dies,
Receive him in our native tongue;
I send thee—but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy has fallen—thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel,
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the grief I feel.

Oh, home of tears! But let her bear
This blazon, to the end of time:
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail,
Are round thee; but in truth be strong;
Eternal right, though all things fail,
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's heart, an angel's mouth
(Not Homer's), could alone for me
Hymn forth the great Confederate South,
Virginia first—then Lee.

Contributed by Major R. W. Hunter.

THE JACKET OF GREY.

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of grey our loved soldier boy wore.

Can we forget when he joined the brave band
Who rose in defense of our dear Southern land,
And, in his bright youth, hurried on to the fray,
How proudly he donned it—the jacket of grey.

His fond mother blessed him and looked up above,
Commending to Heaven the child of her love;
What anguish was her's mortal tongue may not say,
When he passed from our sight in the jacket of grey.

But her country had called and she would not repine,
Though costly the sacrifice placed on the shrine;
Her heart's dearest hopes on the altar she lay,
When she sent out her boy in the jacket of grey.

Months passed, and war's thunders rolled over the land,
Unsheathed was the sword and lighted the brand;
We heard in the distance the sound of the fray,
And prayed for our boy in the jacket of grey.

ROBERT E. LEE.

The drapery of Heaven hung low
In dark and gloomy shrouds;
The angels used the weeping stars
In pinning back the clouds.
The shades of gloom and woe prevailed
O'er all the land and sea,
And eyes that were unused to tears
Now wept for Robert Lee.

A Christian soldier, true and brave
Beloved, near and far,
He was the first in time of peace,
And first in time of war.
Virginia never reared a son
More brave and good than he,
Save one, and he was Washington,
Who lived and died like Lee.

The nation wept when cruel death
Into his mansion stole;
But angels, in the "Better Land,"
Received his peaceful soul.
For that belongs to God alone,
He gave it to Him free,
And left the South the fame and name
Of Robert Edward Lee.

His peaceful sword is laid away,
His work on earth is done,
He loved the people in the South,
They idolized their son.
There's not a woman, man or child,
I care not where they be,
Throughout the still, sweet sunny South,
But loves the name of Lee.

He had no enemies on earth,
There's not a voice that can
Say aught against the name of Lee,
The soldier or the man.
And that would be a proud, cold heart,
That e'er would cease to be
The place where memory wrote the name
Of Robert Edward Lee.

Bow down thy heads, ye Southern sons,
A few brief moments spend,
In weeping for the loss of one
Who lived and died your friend.
He loved you as he loved his life,
And when on bended knee,
Look up, and let the angels hear
Your prayer, "God bless our Lee."

Composed by WILL S. HAYS.

PETITION

For the Pardon of President Jefferson Davis.

Petersburg, Va., October, 1865

President Johnson:

Honored Sir:

We, the ladies of the "Cockade City of the Union," approach your excellency requesting executive clemency in behalf of our beloved captive chief, President Jefferson Davis, who is bound to each one of our section by the indissoluble ties of friendship, love and veneration.

Called by the unanimous voice of the people of the South to lead them, as Joshua of old, he accepted the honor of being enshrined in the history of the Nation as its chief, forced there by the free suffrage of a united people.

From the moment of his coercion up to the hour of his capture, he commanded the respect, not only of the people of the Confederate States, but of the world at large, and especially of the United States Government.

His opinions were received everywhere as the will of the people whose mouthpiece he was.

He has our love for every virtue which adorned the Christian, the gentleman, and the patriot, shone forth in every act with the brilliancy of the noon-day sun, reflecting honor on his country, dignity upon his government and purity upon the social circle.

He has our veneration, for, called by eight millions of free-men to rule, every creed and political party gave in immediate and unrestrained obedience; followed where he pointed the way; obeyed without a murmur the laws promulgated by his counsel, and cheerfully gave up every comfort for the public good at his suggestion. Now we lie powerless at the feet of a victorious government.

Our brave brothers sleep in their honored graves, or walk beside us bearing on their persons marks of the fierce conflict which has tried their courage and manliness, with every comfort buried in the general wreck of war.

With naught but their energy and honor remaining, having given in their adhesion to the laws of the land and taken the oath of fidelity to the United States Government, they have become quiet citizens of the same, only asking to be permitted to remove the numerous vestiges of the conflict, which, you, sir, seem not only willing, but determined to accord us.

With your hand upon the helm (Constitutional Rights), you are giving to the world a sublime picture of heroic fortitude.

The tempest, though subsiding, still causes the "Ship of

State" to plunge and reel, yet, upheld by justice and patriots of the land, she may be anchored in the haven of Constitutional Rights, as laid down by our noble sires.

The ark was borne upon the waters of wrath yet lifted to the summit of a mountain, it there remained a monument to God's mercy, and from it a dove was sent, which returned with an olive branch.

Will you not send out the dove (Hope) to him whose only fault was "he did not reject the dangerous honor with more stability."

Will you not permit the Government to be the ark, now borne above the waters of strife, and its chief banner the olive branch? Grant this, sir, so that the prayers of wives, mothers and children may ascend to the Throne of Grace from the deepest recesses of their hearts, not only for the welfare of the country, but also for your long life and prosperity.

You would feel that you had not only committed an act of justice, but mercy, to release one whose days are numbered and whose feet are already chilled by the breezes from that "undiscovered country," and to hear in your dreams, as in your waking moments, borne upon the wings of the howling winter tempest, the whispered zephyrs of spring, the hum of summer's life and the soft, dewy air of autumn, the prayers from millions of hearts.

"God bless him in time and eternity, for His mercy endureth forever."

Your Petitioners,

V. E. D.

WAR FACT OF ALABAMA.

Ex-Governor Chapman, of Alabama, one of the sturdy old patriots who are honored by the special hatred of the Yankees, suffered seriously in wanton spiteful depredations on his property near Huntsville, Ala. Thinking that some of the doings of the Yankee villains were beyond orders, he waited on the Yankee commander (Colonel Alexander), and stated his case:

Colonel.—"Well, Governor, I don't think you have any property about here."

"Well, sir, if it is not mine, be so kind as to inform me whose it is?"

Colonel.—"It is the property of the Government of the United States, sir."

Governor.—"Ah! very well, Colonel, I have come to inform you, then, that your soldiers are treating the property of the United States Government d——d badly. Good day, Colonel."

THE PRISONER OF STATE.

I see him in his loathsome cell,
The martyr of a ruined cause,
The haughty chief, yet loved so well
By millions, in whose bosoms swell
The smothered feelings of applause.
A patriot caged without a crime;
And ah! how changed. There was a time
When, proud, erect, with flashing eye,
He led his country on,
Amidst the shouts of victory;
Her starry ensign waving o'er him,
"Till every star shone forth a sun,
And glory blazed around, before him;
A time when in the Senate hall,
"The noblest Roman of them all."
Admiring statesmen o'er him hung
In silence and in dim eclipse,
To catch the music of his tongue,
And gather wisdom from his lips.
Now thin and pale, with sunken cheek,
And clouded eye, in vain you seek
The semblance of the nervous form
That towered amidst the battle's storm,
Or settled grave affairs of State,
The arbiter of high debate.
In that lone fortress of the sea,
Around whose base the billows flow
Continuously and mournfully,
A never ending dirge of woe.
Disease and torture, worse than death,
Have done their fearful work, and he
Has little left of strength and breath
To bear the insults, scorn and hate
That ever on the fallen wait,
The helpless and the desolate.

How well they guard the conquered brave,
With locks and bolts and dashing waves,
Tramp, tramp! I hear by night and day;
The watchful soldier's measured tread,
And through the iron bars alway
A cold and stony eye is seen
Glaring on wall and floor and bed,
Leaving no unseen corner there
For sacred grief or soothing prayer.

He sleeps—a moment's respite given
To torture, by indulgent Heaven;
His haggard features in repose,
A look of happiness disclose,
I see again the old sweet smile
Play o'er his pallid lips awhile;
He dreams of other days and home—
Joy for the absent sire has come;

His faithful wife bends o'er him now;
Her soft hand cools his fevered brow;
His children climb upon his knee,
And he is honored, blest and free.

Hark! to the harshly opening door,
And clank of chains—his dream is o'er,
What! fetters for the dying man?
Is this America? and can
Such deed be done, with loud acclaim,
In Christian times? "O, shame! O, shame!"
But vain the effort to entreat,
They bind the shackles on his feet,
And on the cold slabs, sinking there
He lies in comfortless despair.

And this is justice—this the boast
Of "Hail Columbia" the grand!
Fill up the goblet, let the toast
Go grandly round from hand to hand,
With drunken glee and fierce delight.
(Though millions groan beneath the rod,
What matter, they are only white!)
Drink, one and all, with main and might,
Freedom to Afric's sable band!
Glory to Abolition's god!
And him who gave the high command
To chain the noblest in the land.

A. D. 1865.

ANONYMOUS.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Just before the battle, Mother,
I was drinking mountain dew,
But when I saw the "Rebels" marching
To the rear I quickly flew,
~~Where the stragglers were flying,~~
~~Thinking of their homes and wives,~~
~~"Twas not the Rebs I feared, dear Mother,~~
~~But our own dear precious lives."~~

Chorus:

Farewell, Mother! for you'll never
See my name amongst the slain,
For if I only can speedaddle,
Dear Mother, I'll come home again.

I hear the bugle sounding, Mother,
My soul is eager for the fray.
I guess I'll hide behind some cover,
And then I shall be all O. K.

Discretion's the better part of valor,
At least I've often heard you say:
That "he who loves his life, dear Mother,
Won't fight if he can run away."

Chorus:

To "Phoby Stubbs," A. D. 1864.

Good

IN THE FORTRESS BY THE SEA.

A Fragment by W. E. CAMERON.

Silence, Oh mocking sea !
 Hush thy tone, for it angers me;
 Singing thus ever of what is free,
 And of that which cannot be.

Thou troublest even now my sleep,
 Rousing an echo fierce and strong
 In my soul pulsating to thy song,
 With an agony wild and deep;
 Stirring a dream in my tranced heart,
 So glad that it waketh with sudden start,
 To end, Oh God ! the pitiless stone
 Of my dungeon and its iron bars,
 To echo with groans thy thunder tone,
 And to pant for the sight of the sun or stars,
 Or a plunge in the welling deep.

Death ! how I pine for light and air !
 Gasping, I climb to the window there;
 Pressing my cheek to its narrow hole
 I catch the spray as the breakers roll
 To the uttermost shores of earth.
 "Free, ye are free, oh waves ! I cry,
 "Bear my kiss and my yearning sigh
 Back to the land of my birth,"
 But they go unanswering by.

And then appeals to memory
 The ocean's undertone,
 The sad and ceaseless monotone,
 Which comes with the evening calm,
 Out of the twilight sea—
 Comes to tell of a quiet home,
 All shadowed o'er by my prison gloom,
 That is sad because I am—
 Of one whose violet eyes grow dim,
 As she murmurs "God watch over him."
 And my dank hair bristles to hear the peal
 Of my own wild laugh at the moods I feel,
 And frenzied again as the restless waves,
 I fret while the wind in the darkness raves
 Till my tortured senses reel.

Is it strange that I murmur and pine?
 Lying here like slavish hound,
 That I murmur at being thus chained and bound ?
 Or is it strange that, thus long confined,
 Chaos should reign in my stormy mind ?
 Cease, Oh, remorseless sea !
 Cease thy peal, for it maddens me;
 Singing forever of what is free
 And of that which can never be.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

To the private soldier a fair meed of praise is due, and, though it is so seldom given, and so rarely expected, that it may be considered out of place, I cannot, in justice to myself, withhold the opinion ever entertained and so often expressed during our struggle for independence. In the absence of the instruction and discipline of old armies, and of the confidence which long association produces between veterans, we have had in a great measure to trust to the individuality and self-reliance of the private soldier. Without the incentive or the motive which controls the officer, who hopes to live in history, without the hope of reward, and actuated only by a sense of duty and patriotism, he has in this great contest justly judged that the cause was his own, and gone into it with a determination to conquer or die; to be free or not to be at all. No emolument is too high, no honor too great for such a soldiery. However much of credit and glory may be given, and probably justly given, to the leaders in our struggle, history will yet award the main honor where it is due—to the private soldier, who, without hope of reward, and with no other incentive than a consciousness of rectitude, has encountered all the hardships and suffered all the privations. Well has it been said: The first monument our Confederacy rears, when our independence shall have been won, should be a lofty shaft, pure and spotless, bearing the inscription:

“To the Unknown and Unrecorded Dead.”

Written by General Bragg, after the battle of Murfreesboro.

STONEWALL JACKSON UNDER THE TABLE.

Not long after the battle of Bull Run a certain Major S—, of the rebel army, called on General Joe Johnston at his headquarters in Virginia, arriving just in time for dinner, which was served in the General's tent. When the meal was nearly finished there was a movement under the table, and something very like a yawn came from beneath it, the Major at the same time feeling something heavy roll on his feet. Raising the cloth General Johnson looked down and remarked, laughing: “Jackson smells the dinner at last; I know he must be nearly famished.” “It was the only time I ever saw Stonewall Jackson,” says the Major. “He had been without sleep for three days when he reached Johnston's tent, and tumbling down in the center of it, the table was set over him.”

STONEWALL JACKSON GUARDS THE CAMP TO-NIGHT.

Previous to the battle of Manassas Stonewall Jackson made a heavy forced march for the purpose of joining his forces to those in front of the enemy. Upon halting at night the men fell exhausted and ~~sunk to sleep~~. At the hour for stationing picket the officer of the day went to the General's tent and said: "General, the men are all wearied, there is scarcely one but whom is asleep. Shall I awake them?"

"No," was the reply, "Let them sleep; I'll guard the camp to-night."

And the sentinel of that host that night was their General.

"Twas at the dying of the day—
The darkness grew so still—
The drowsy chirp of evening birds
Was hushed upon the hill.
Within the shadows of the vale
Slumbered the men of might,
And one lone sentinel paced his round
To guard the camp that night.

A grave and thoughtful man was he,
With deep and sombre brow—
The dreamful eye seemed musing o'er
Some unaccomplished vow.
The wishful glance peered o'er the plain
Beneath the starry light,
And with the murmured name of "God,"
He watched the camp that night.

The future opened unto him
Its grand and awful scroll;
Manassas and the Valley march
Came heaving o'er his soul;
Richmond and Sharpsburg thundered by
And that terrific fight
Which, to the angel host, gave him
Who watched the camp that night.

We grieve for him who died for us,
With one resistless moan,
As up the Valley of the Lord
He marches to the throne.
He kept the faith of men and saints,
Sublime and pure and bright—
He sleeps—and all is well with him
Who watched the camp that night.

Soldiers! the midnight darkness now
Is shrouding o'er our fate;
The vengeful Goths pollute our halls
With fire, and lust and hate;
Be strong, be valiant, be assured—
Strike home for Heaven and Right—
The soul of Jackson is abroad,
And guards the camp to-night.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

[From John Esten Cook's New Book.]

Jackson at Kernstown.

At Kernstown, when a portion of his line gave back before the overwhelming numbers assailing it, he took his stand close to the enemy, amid a storm of bullets, called to a drummer boy, and, placing his hand firmly upon the boy's shoulder, said in his brief, curt tone: "Beat the Rally." The rally was beaten, Jackson remained by the drummer's side, holding him to his work with the inexorable hand upon the shoulder, the rally continued to roll and the line was speedily reformed.

His Parting with the Old Stonewall Brigade.

After the first battle of Manassas, when General Jackson was ordered to the Valley, his old brigade was left behind with the Army of Northern Virginia. On the 4th of October he took leave of it. The historian says:

On that day Jackson took leave of his old "First Brigade." The officers and men were drawn up as though in line of battle, and their commander appeared in front, as he had so often appeared before them when about to give the order for a charge upon the enemy. But now no enthusiasm, no cheers awaited him. All knew for what purpose he came, and the sorrow which filled every heart betrayed itself in the deep silence which greeted his approach. Not a sound along the line, not a hand raised in greeting, not a murmur even going to show that they recognized their beloved captain. The bronze faces were full of the deepest dejection, and the stern fighters of the old brigade were like children about to be separated from their father. Jackson approached, and mastering his emotion by an effort, said, in the short, abrupt tones with which all were so familiar:

"I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell. I first met you at Harper's Ferry at the commencement of the war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration of your conduct from that day to this—whether on the march, the bivouac, the tented field, or on the bloody plains of Manassas, where you gained the well-deserved reputation of having decided the fate of battle. Throughout the broad extent of country over which you marched, by your respect for the rights and property of citizens, you have shown that you were soldiers, not only to defend, but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already gained a brilliant and deservedly high reputation throughout the army, and I trust in the future, by your deeds

in the field, and by the assistance of kind Providence, you will gain more victories and add additional lustre to the reputation you now enjoy. I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements, and I trust whenever I shall hear of the First Brigade on the field of battle it will be of still nobler deeds achieved and higher reputation won."

Having uttered these words Jackson paused for an instant and his eye passed slowly along the line, as though he wished thus to bid farewell individually to every old familiar face, so often seen in the heat of battle, and so dear to him. The thoughts which crowded upon him seemed more than he could bear—he could not leave them with such formal words only—and the iron lip which had never trembled in the hour of deadliest peril, now quivered. Mastered by an uncontrollable impulse, the great soldier rose in his stirrups, threw the reins on the neck of his horse with an emphasis which sent a thrill through every heart, and extending his arm, added in tones of the deepest feeling:

"In the army of the Shenandoah you were the First Brigade! In the army of the Potomac you were the First Brigade! In the second corps of the army you are the First Brigade! You are the First Brigade in the affections of your General, and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the First Brigade. Farewell."

As these words echoed in their ears, and Jackson turned to leave them, the long pent-up feeling burst forth. Three prolonged and deafening cheers rolled along the line of the old brigade, and no sooner had they died away than they were renewed, and again renewed. The calm face of the great leader flushed as he listened to the sound, but he did not speak. Waving his hand in token of farewell he galloped away, and the old brigade, deprived of its beloved chief, returned sorrowfully to camp.

POST BELLUM RICHES.

An old lady of Colonial descent was robbed by process of war—well, say, of her fine carriage and horses, and was forced to resort to a cart (kyart) and mule to go to church. One of her more prosperous neighbors, who had quickly accepted the new condition, and made some money, rolled by in a new rig drawn by a fine horse. The old lady turned to her daughter by her side, whom she fancied would object to the dust, saying with a satisfied air: "Never mind, dear, let them pass. The blood is in the cart."

OUR STONEWALL'S GRAVE.

Stranger, pause at this mound of clay,
See, it is fresh, and was made to-day;
'Neath it a hero's remains now rest,
Who by his country will ever be blessed;
Here, softly he sleeps, while a nation weeps
O'er the early grave of our Jackson brave.

Strong was his arm for his country's right,
Bold was his heart in the midst of the fight,
Ever the first and the last on the field,
He knew how to conquer, but not how to yield,
Till the angel of death obstructed his path,
And called him away from the field of the fray.

Yet, though never again he'll lead
Armies, who count it an ample meed
Once to have been of his tried command,
Still he shall live through our Southern land,
For his glorious name on the pillar of fame
That will rise in our land, still the highest shall stand.

And, when ages have passed away,
Lovers of freedom, who come this way,
Ever will pause at this humble mound,
Saying to those who are grouping around,
"There softly he sleeps whom a nation weeps,
Stonewall, the brave, in his early grave."

By ESPERANZA.

July 4th, 1863.

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL T. ASHBY.

To the brave all homage render,
Weep, ye skies of June;
With a radiance pure and tender,
Shine, oh saddened moon !
Dead upon the field of glory,
Hero fit for song and story,
Lies our bold dragoon.

Well they learned whose hands have slain him,
Braver, knightlier foe
Never fought with Moor nor Paynim—
Rode at Templesto;
With a mien how high and joyous,
'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us,
Went he forth, we know.

Never more, alas, shall sabre
Gleam around his crest;
Fought his fight, fulfilled his labor,
Stilled his manly breast;
All unheard, sweet nature's cadence,
Trump of fame and voice of maidens;
Now he takes his rest.

Earth, that all too soon hath bound him,
Gently wrap his clay;
Linger lovingly around him,
Light of dying day.
Softly fall the summer showers,
Birds and bees among the flowers
Make the gloom seem gay.

There, throughout the coming ages,
When his sword is rust,
And his deeds in classic pages,
Mindful of her trust,
Shall Virginia, bending lowly,
Still a ceaseless vigil holy,
Keep above his dust.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

MOSBY AND HIS MEN.

When the historic muse shall seek
For themes of future song,
We'll point to those who for the right
Fought nobly 'gainst the wrong.
And 'mongst the foremost on the list,
For whom we'll ask a strain,
While we with pride their deeds recount,
Is Mosby and his men.

No knightlier forms e'er steeds bestrode,
Or swept a battlefield;
And not a man but left his land
A bright, untarnished shield.
It was the boast of friend and foe,
Where'er that troop had been,
"The weak were shielded from the strong
By Mosby and his men."

Amid the battle's smoke and din
Their colors used to wave;
Up to the cannon's mouth they marched,
The "bravest of the brave."
Into the flames of death they rode,
And never drew a rein;
Not they, for that was never known
Of Mosby and his men.

And this not on a single field,
But day by day for years;
Where'er the trembling, waning light
Of liberty appears.
From Richmond 'round to Gettysburg
Their war-trail may be seen;
A hundred fields are rife with tales
Of Mosby and his men.

Whene'er they started on a charge
 No backward step they knew,
 'Till lightning-like they'd fiercely cut
 The foeman through and through.
 And this the grand "old chieftain" knew,
 And turning now and then,
 Some word of praise he'd let escape
 For Mosby and his men.

Adown the ages of the world,
 With Ney and such as he,
 These bold dragoons shall surely reap
 An immortality.
 For high chivalric deeds are worth
 The Muses' noblest strain,
 Then shall the wine pour forth a song
 To Mosby and his men.

Selma, Ala., October 31, 1866.

PHOENIX.

MORGAN'S WAR SONG.

By GENERAL BASIL DUKE, OF KENTUCKY.

Air—A combination of the "Marseillaise" and the "Old Granite State."

Ye sons of the South, take your weapons in hand,
 For the foot of the foe has insulted your land.
 Sound ! sound the loud alarm !
 Arise ! arise and arm !

Let the hand of each freeman grasp the sword to maintain
 Those rights which, once lost, he can never regain.

Chorus—Gather fast 'neath our flag,
 For 'tis God's own decree
 That it's folds shall still float
 O'er a land that is free.

See ye not those dark clouds which now threaten the sky ?
 Hear ye not that stern thunder now bursting so nigh ?
 Shout ! shout your battle cry !
 Win ! win this fight or die !

What our fathers achieved our own valor can keep,
 And we'll save our fair land or we'll sleep our last sleep.

On our hearts and our arms and our God we rely,
 And a nation shall rise or a people shall die.
 Form ! form the serried line !
 Advance our proud ensign !

To your country devote every life that she gave,
 Let the land they invade give their army its grave.

Though their plunder-paid hordes come to ravage our land,
 Give our fields to the spoiler, our homes to the brand,
 Our souls are all aglow
 To face the hireling foe,
 Give the robbers to know that we never will yield
 While the arm of a Southron a weapon can wield.

From our far Southern shore now arises a prayer,
While the cry of our women fills with anguish the air.
Oh ! list that pleading voice;
Each youth now make his choice;
Now tamely submit like a coward or slave,
Or rise and resist like the free and the brave.

Kentucky ! Kentucky ! can you suffer the sight
Of your sisters insulted, your friends in the fight ?
Awake ! be free again !
Oh ! break the tyrant's chain !
Let each hand seize the sword it drew for the right,
From the homes of your fathers drive the dastard in flight.

THE VOLUNTEERS TO THE "MELISH."

(By Wm. C. Estres.)

Come forth ye gallant heroes,
Rub up each rusty gun,
And face these hireling Yankees,
Who live by tap of drum.
We Volunteers are wearied
By a twelve-month's "sojourn,"
We want to rest a little
And then we'll fight again.

We've won some five pitched battles,
But will yield you one "Polish,"
And if you want some glory
Why pitch in now "Melish."
Don't refuse to leave your spouses—
Our own are just as dear,
Each lonely little woman
Longs for her own Volunteer.

Don't mind your sobbing sweethearts,
For though 'tis hard to part,
We'll volunteer to chase 'em
And console each troubled heart.
For the sake of old Virginia
Come and fight! that's if you can—
And let your prattling babies
Know their daddy was a man.

For we've fought and we have struggled,
And no furloughs—nary one—
We need a little resting
And so we're coming home.
Then forward, bold Militia!
If your coming, come along,
Or by the gods we'll force you
To your duty—right or wrong.

(Fun was poked at the Militia, but they did their duty nobly
when the necessity arose.)

THE BATTLE OF ST. PAUL'S (N. O.)

Come boys, and listen while I sing
The greatest fight yet fought—
Was when the hated Yankee
A real Tartar caught.
'Twas not the first Manassas,
Won by our Beauregard,
Nor Perryville, nor Belmont,
Though Polk then hit him hard;
Nor was it famous Shiloh,
Where Sydney Johnston fell—
No, these were mighty battles,
But a greater I will tell.

'Twas fought on Sunday morning,
Within the Church's walls,
And shall be known in history
As the "Battle of St. Paul's."
The Yankee Strong commanded
For Butler, the "abhorred,"
And the Reverend Mr. Goodrich
Bore the Banner of the Lord.
The bell had ceased its tolling,
The service nearly done.
The Psalms and Lessons over,
The Lord's Prayer just begun;
When as the Priest and people
Said "Hallowed be Thy name,"
A voice in tones of thunder
His order did proclaim;
As this house is devoted
To Great Jehovah's praise,
And no prayer for Abra'm Lincoln
Within its walls you raise,
Therefore of rank Secession
It is an impious nest,
And I stop all further service,
And the clergyman arrest;
And in the name of Butler,
I order furthermore,
That this assembly scatter
And the Sexton close the door."
Up rose the congregation;
We men were all away,
And our wives and little children
Alone remained to pray.
But when has Southern woman
Before a Yankee quailed?
And these with tongues undaunted
That Lincolnite assailed.
In vain he called his soldiers—
Their darts around him flew,
And the Strong man then discovered
What a woman's tongue can do.

Some cried, "We knew that Butler
On babes and woman warred,
But we did not think to find him
In the Temple of the Lord."
Some pressed around their pastor,
Some on the villain gazed,
Who against the Lord's annointed
His dastard arm had raised.
Some said "E'en to a Yankee
We would not do such wrong
As to mistake another
For the gallant Major Strong:
So we'll look upon the hero
'Till his face we cannot doubt,"
While a stout old lady shouted,
"Do some one kick him out."

"Don't touch him," cried another,
He is worthy of his Ruler,
For he fights with women braver
Than he fought at Ponchatoula.
But when the storm raged fiercest,
And hearts were all aflame,
Like oil on troubled waters,
The voice of blessing came—
For though with angry gestures
The Yankee bid him cease,
The Priest, with hands uplifted,
Bade his people: "Go in peace,"
And called down Heavenly blessings
Upon the surging crowd,
While the men their teeth were clenching,
And the women sobbing loud.

And then with mien undaunted,
He passed along the aisle,
The gallant Yankee hero
Behind him all the while.
"You better bring a gunboat,
For that's your winning card,"
Said a haughty little beauty,
As the Strong man called a guard.
"'Tis only 'neath their shelter
You Yankees ever fight,"
Cried another spunky woman,
Who stood upon his right.

But the Major thought a cannon
(If his men could not succeed
In clearing off the sidewalk),
Would be all that he should need.
And, I guess, his light artillery
Gainst Christ Church he will range,
When his "base of operations"
Next Sunday he shall change.

'Twas thus the tyrant Butler,
'Mid women's sobs and tears,
Seized a priest before the altar
He had served for twenty years.
We know in darkest ages,
A church was holy ground,
Where from the hand of tyrants
A refuge might be found;
And from the meanest soldier
To the highest in the land,
None dared to touch the fugitive
Who should within it stand.

'Twas left the "Beastly Butler"
To violate its walls,
And to be known in future
As the victor of St. Paul's.
He has called our wives "she adders,"
And he shall feel their sting,
For the voice of outraged woman
Through every land shall ring.
He shall stand with Austrian Haynan
Upon the rolls of fame,
And bear to latest ages
A base, dishonored name.

Conquered Territory of Louisiana.

New Orleans, August 17, 1866.

The above is a description of one of the victories of the "Beast," achieved on Sunday, October 12, 1862, and a copy kindly sent to me by a member of the Washington Artillery.

YANKEE OFFICER CAPTURED BY VIRGINIA GIRLS.

"Ora," the correspondent of the Mobile Tribune, relates the following incident in a letter from Richmond:

"I must conclude this already too long letter by relating the following amusing incident, which occurred at Fredericksburg, on the late retreat of the Yankees from that city. We were driving Sedgwick's infidels across Bank's Ford, when a Yankee officer was seen making his way through the streets of Fredericksburg, where we had no troops at the time, in order to gain the opposite side of the river. A number of ladies standing on a porch at the time, saw the runaway and cried out "stop him! stop him!" when Miss Phillippa Barbour, a niece of Colonel Phil Barbour, of Virginia, with a number of other ladies gave chase, and ran the Yankee officer nearly down, who, convulsed with laughter at the idea of being pursued by ladies, became nearly exhausted, and gave up on being hemmed in at the corner of a garden fence. The ladies took him prisoner and locked him up in a room until our troops again entered the city."

BATTLE OF NINTH OF JUNE, 1864.

The following poem on the battle of the ninth of June, 1864, at Rives' Farm, on the Jerusalem Plank Road, Prince George County, Va., was written by the late Colonel Fletcher H. Archer, in the year 1871, and published in the Petersburg Index on the 9th of June, 1871. It was subsequently revised and republished in the Petersburg Appeal of June, 1873:

Advancing time on tireless wings,
Each hour its subtle changes brings;
Sweeps back the past, and o'er it all
Oblivion's drapery lets fall.

The earth returns upon its track;
The stars, revolving, hasten back;
The viewless winds in cycles blow;
The waters ebb, the waters flow.
But time once past returns no more
To scan its works or do them o'er.

As streams that to the ocean run,
Swiftly commingle into one,
Or desert sands by tempest tost,
In wide-spreading wastes are lost,
Or varied colors all unite
In undistinguishable white,
So time's events together blend,
And on from age to age extend,
'Till in one vast, unfathomed sea,
Engulfed is their identity.

A passing act may leave its shade
Briefly enfixed, by record made,
Or now and then is dimly seen
By watchful eye, the distant sheen,
Of some o'erleaping deed that rears
Its head above the tide of years,
But soon it fades with scarce a tract
To mark its course or point its place.

Time's current, in its onward way,
Roll back its tide, and touch with life
The mem'ries of that day of strife,
When gallant youths and grey-haired sires,
Hard by their altars and their fires,
Stemmed the fierce conflict's surging flood,
Till earth was crimsoned with their blood.

The story I may feebly tell,
How fought those patriots and bow fell;
May sketch with mingled shade and light,
Faint outlines of the gory fight:
Snatch from the swiftly gathering maze,
Ere yet they disappear, some rays

With which to gild those deeds that seem
Like visions of a fevered dream;
But falters on my tongue the strain,
As I rehearse it o'er again.

The sun at eve had sunk to rest
Undimmed beyond the glowing west;
The twilight hour with mystic tread,
Mid changing hues its course had sped,
The canopy of night unfurled
In solemn darkness o'er the world,
Had brought to view full many a star,
Which gleamed in brightness from afar.

The tattoo beat the roll call o'er
The soldier in his tent secure,
As sweetly slept as though the morrow
Contained for him no cup of sorrow.
The sentry on his quiet round,
Grown listless at the peace profound,
Half-dreaming trod his weary way,
Nor heeded scarce the approach of day.

Now darkness flies, the early dawn
Breaks gently into opening morn,
The morning speeds, and o'er the sky
The golden raylets shoot on high;
The raylets spread till through the east
The sun mounts up with flaming crest;
And dazzling floods of glorious light
Dispel the lingering shades of night.

Sweet, gentle morn, fair ninth of June,
None guessed how full of woe thy noon;
None thought that e'er thine hours had waned,
The earth with life-blood would be stained,
The blood of freemen drawn by those
Who should have been their friends, not foes;
None dreamed that many a widowed heart
With pangs of untold grief would smart;
And orphans countless tears would shed
In sorrow for their fathers dead.

The reveille from drum and fife
Had long awoke the camp to life,
The frugal meal prepared and eat,
The old relieved, the new guard set,
Due orders issued and obeyed,
Left naught for those from duty freed,
Save to consult each man his will,
Till tapped the morning drum for drill.

Dispersed in varied forms around,
In groups, or singly, o'er the ground,
Disporting some, and some employed
In grave pursuits, each man enjoyed

As best he might the time that passed,
Nor counted that 'twould be his last.

The swift winged moments onward fly,
The sun ascends the morning sky,
Till lessening shades from shrub and pine
Proclaim the approaching hour of nine;
When lo, emerging from the wood,
Which to the front and northward stood,
Beyond the camp and opening waste
A horseman winds the path in haste,
Straight for headquarters shapes his way,
Scarce stops for aught, nor brooks delay,
Till whom he seeks before him stands,
Then drops the bridle from his hands,
Forth from his breast a paper draws,
Speaks briefly to explain the cause,
Turns, and is gone the way he came,
Nor lingers e'en to tell his name.

The paper ope'd, its contents read,
The foe is marching on, it said—
Warns to be ready; and at large
Leaves the commander to his charge;
Enough; now adjutant attend;
Order the roll and quickly send
Each captain word his men to form
Prepared to meet the coming storm.
As when the midnight tocsin sounds
Forth from his couch the fireman bounds
Strains every nerve and speeds along
Regardless of the gathering throng;
Or when abroad in search of food
With which to feed her callow brood
The eagle views with piercing eye
The low'ring tempest drawing nigh
All else forgets and cleaves the air
To reach the objects of her care.
So when upon the drummer's ear
The order falls distinct and clear
Unto his post he promptly springs
His trappings o'er his shoulder flings
Sends forth a deep unceasing roll
Through camp and field 'till ev'ry soul
Hath caught the sound and near or far
Heeds the grim summons to prepare
Hastes to equip and take his stand
In line obedient to command.

Comes Wolff with band as firm and true
As ever sword or trigger drew,
Come Rogers and his men with tread
As steady as to banquet spread;
Come Jarvis and his faithful son;
Alfriend and Bott; and with each one
Come those determined to defend
Their homes and loved ones to the end.

No swag'ring gait, no braggart's mien
Among those sturdy men is seen,
Nor though in numbers small, do they
Aught of the coward's fear betray.
But steady, calm and firm of heart,
Resolves each man to do his part;
Nor turn him from his sacred trust
'Till many a foe had bit the dust.

Now to the front repairs the chief—
Surveys his force, gives counsel brief,
Extends to all a word of cheer,
Bids each remember those most dear,
Admonishes to bravely fight
For friends, for kindred and the right,
And never yield to foeman's tread
Except across their bodies dead.

This done, along the torturous line,
Where crude, unfinished works define,
More solid means of future strength
When filled by thousands through its length,
Each captain with his little band
Extends as far on either hand—
Obedient to his chieftain's word—
As meagre numbers will afford.
A fence and wagon furnish aid
Which willing hands with ready speed
Dispose at every point of need.
But stretching far to right and left
The line attenuate bereft
Of all defense leaves entrance wide
To flank and rear on either side.
A few in skirmish line deployed
Along the front, less to avoid
Surprise from the approaching foe
Than due and proper care to show
Complete, as far as human power
The opened road to barricade
Affords, arrangements for the hour,
And naught is left to do but wait,
And trust in Him who rules all fate.

To wait! ah yes; but who can tell,
Save those who know and feel it well,
What 'tis to wait when dangers nigh
May doom the waiting souls to die
Or cast in loathsome prison, bear
Disease and pain with none to care
Save distant ones at home who mourn
The loved ones from their bosoms torn
To wait! Ah yes; 'tis well enough
For those not made of sterner stuff
To speak of waiting, when perchance,
Delays the opening of the dance
Or joys expected fail to spring
From pleasure's shrine on giddy wing.

Or e'en for tortured hearts compelled
To wait for solid good withheld,
But let me ne'er behold again
A little band of six score men
Doomed thus to wait while o'er the heads
In blackening folds the war-cloud spread,
'Till numbers ten-fold more than they
In battle's dark and dread array
Stand ready at the slightest breath
To strike them with the shafts of death.

Now, Archer, thou hast work to do
As yonder column heaves in view,
Quick, Johnson, let thine eye be cast
Down the whole line to see all fast,
Be steady men behold they dash
Along the road with thundering crash;
Now; hold, not yet; reserve your fire;
Be quiet 'till they come still nigher.
Ha! let them have it! Hurl them back,
Let fall yon leader in his track;
Fight on; fight on; they turn; they fly;
Brave freemen send your shouts on high.

As turns the panther from his prey
When dangers thicken in the way,
Or flees the hawk from fowler's aim,
When baffled in pursuit of game.
Or scapes the wolf from fold at dark
When warned by faithful watch-dog bark,
So turns the foeman in his path
Before the Southron's kindling wrath.

Meantime the conflict heard aloof
Brings succor small on rapid hoof,
A single gun; a squad of men,
With Colston at their head, come in,
Nor sooner than at utmost need,
Arrives assistance though with speed.

For, gathering now with all their strength,
Extending far their line in length,
The foe prepare on every hand
To sweep from earth the patriot band.
But not by numbers to be driven,
Till by the shock of battle riven,
These scan the foe with steady eye,
Resolved that many yet shall die,
Ere to their homes the way they yield,
Or turn their backs upon the field.

A lunette on the left is manned
By Scott, with a devoted band.
The gun in battery on the right,
Where crowds a heavy force in sight;

And other needful changes made,
Consumes brief time, when overhead
Exploding shells, with smoke and flame,
Reopening of the fight proclaim.

Oh, who can tell in this dark hour,
What dangers o'er those patriots lower,
In numbers few, with naught to cheer,
Or give them hope of succor near,
But left in weakness to oppose
A host of unrelenting foes
Advancing stealthily and slow,
Made cautious by their late overthrow,
Seeking some vantage to secure,
By which to make their victory sure.

Like the famed serpent widely known
In tropic regions, where, alone,
He lurks beneath the greenwood's shade,
Or through the unfrequented glade,
Glides silently along his trail,
Till catching on the passing gale,
The footfall of some hapless beast,
On which he hopes perchance to feast.
Then all aglow, each wakened sense,
And burning with desire intense,
He forward springs till in his folds
His quivering victim fast he holds.

But issues greater e'en than life
Now hang upon the battle's strife;
Yon city to be guarded lies—
And loved ones with their pleading eyes—
In jeopardy the glorious cause,
Of Southron's rights to Southron's laws,
What more can nerve the human heart,
What more can courage true impart;
Stand, freemen, stand, though earth be stained
With blood for every moment gained.

No need to bid those freemen stand,
When issues such as these command;
For as the oak in summer's storm
Unbending bears its sturdy form,
Or pine uplifts its stately head,
Till o'er the earth its leaves are spread,
When pours the hail from murky cloud,
'Mid lightnings keen and thunders loud,
So they with firm unabated breath,
Prepare to meet the storm of death.

And fatally this storm shall rage,
As center, right and left engage,
The rising smoke, the lurid flash;
The deadly aim; the rifles crash;
The belching gun; the leaden hail;
The shrieking shell's unearthly wail;

The hurrying tread; the hasty shout;
The groan; the life-blood gushing out—
Enough, enough, forbear my pen,
To bring to mind those scenes again.

Oh, precious moments speeding now,
Speed on, speed on, and e'er shall bow
Those struggling men before the blast,
Let time be gained till shield be cast
Around the homes, the loved in need,
And the great cause for which they bleed.

Behold at length their work is o'er;
They've done their best—can do no more;
Scathed, panting, helpless, turn away,
And leave the ground in sad array.

The foe, exultant, haste to gain,
The open road and yielded plain;
Nor think that aught shall now prevent
Fulfillment of their whole intent.

Onward they march till steeples rise
On either hand to greet their eyes;
Onward they march till at their feet
The city spreads in calm retreat;
And but to cross yon bridge, when stands
The city captured in their hands.

But, hark! What means that thundering sound,
On hill beyond, that shakes the ground?
Now quick as thought, full overhead,
A whiz, a crash; and smoke is spread
In widening circles o'er the sky,
While iron fragments thickly fly;
They pause, 'tis heard again, and fills
Their stricken hearts with boding ills;
'Tis gallant Graham and his band,
Have timely come to bid them stand;
Anon, the tramp of rushing steeds
Salutes their ears, and wildly feeds
Their growing panic, till in view,
Bold Deering rides with horsemen true,
Dismounts his men, and with a shout,
Descends the hill, when full about
They quickly turn, and o'er the track
They lately came, go speeding back.

The conflict o'er, the storm is past,
And Petersburg is saved at last.

One of the heroes of this battle was Captain Edward Graham, of Graham's Battery.

THE BATTLE OF BETHEL CHURCH.

As hurtles the tempest
Proclaiming the storm,
The Northern Invaders
Tumultuously swarm;
Loudly rings their battle cry
Glares with fury every eye,
Virginia's sons they swear shall die
Or wear their chains of slavery.

As meets the chafed ocean
The immutable rock,
The bravest Southern freemen
Await the battle's shock.
Firm is every lip compressed,
"Front to foe" is every breast,
While silent prayer to Heaven attest
Resolve for death or victory.

They number by thousands
The men who assail
The hundreds that wait them;
Oh! can they prevail?
Spoils and beauty urge the fray,
Hearts and homes contest the day,
Fiercely brand the battles bray,
While Right and Might strive valiantly.

Down sweep the invaders
Like billows of storm—
Dead, wounded and dying
They backward are borne.
Vain they rally, vain return,
Lead and steel and graves they earn;
And angels guard the ranks from harm
Who fight for home and liberty.

See! see! they are flying,
Quick, up and pursue,
And mete out the measure
To them which is due.
Wolves as brave from sheep folds fly;
Lambs less swift from lions fly;
While thanks ascends to Him on high
Who gave our arms the victory.

—New Orleans Delta.

June 10, 1861.

"ROBBING THE CRADLE."

Battle of Newmarket.

One of the bravest battles of the war was fought by the boys of the Virginia Military Institute, at Newmarket, Va. The boys were so young that the army bands played "Rock-a-bye Baby" as they passed through the streets of Staunton, Va.

The following description was written by Mr. John S. Wise, of New York City, who was one of the famous band:

According to the records of the institute the Federal forces engaged in the fight numbered from 10,000 to 12,000 men, commanded by General Franz Sigel. The Confederate commander, General John C. Breckenridge, had less than 3,000 men, including the corps of cadets. The Confederates were victorious, suffering a loss of 68 killed and 337 wounded. The Federal loss was 242 killed, 560 wounded and 240 missing.

The cadets went into the fight with 225 men. Their loss was 52—killed 8, wounded 44. Among the wounded was Lieut. Col. Scott Shipp, commanding the battalion. Former Representative John S. Wise, who was seventeen years of age when he, with his companion cadets, was called into action at Newmarket, describes how the boys were awakened by the long roll which resounded and echoed through the college buildings at midnight of May 11, 1864. As the cadets hurried to the parade ground to take their places in line, they found a group of officers intently scanning by the light of a lantern a paper held by the adjutant, who stood near the statue of George Washington.

"The companies were in line," says Mr. Wise. "The adjutant commanded attention, and proceeded to read the orders, which announced that the enemy in heavy force was advancing up the Shenandoah Valley; that General Lee could not spare any force to meet them; that General Breckenridge had been ordered to assemble troops from Southwestern Virginia and elsewhere at Staunton, and that the cadets should join him there at the earliest practicable moment. The corps was ordered to march with four companies of infantry and a section of artillery at break of day.

"As company after company broke ranks the air was rent with wild cheering at the thought that our hour was come at last. Elsewhere in the Confederacy death, disaster, disappointment may have by this time chilled the ardor of our people, but here in this little band of fledgelings the hope of battle flamed as brightly as on the morning of Manassas."

Cadets arrive at Staunton.

The cadets marched into Staunton the afternoon of the second day, their drummers and fifers playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The town was filled with grim Confederate soldiers, some of whom were inclined to poke fun at the trim boy soldiers. "The band belonging to a regiment of grimy veterans struck up the air "Rock-a-bye Baby" when the cadets marched by," said Mr. Wise, "and the men took up the air, accompanying it by rocking their guns in their arms as if putting them to sleep." It was not long before this regiment was among the first to congratulate the lads on their gallant conduct in the fight that followed.

After describing the incidents of the march, the enthusiastic reception of the boy soldiers by the ladies of Staunton, Harrisonburg and elsewhere, Mr. Wise says the lads marched with the steadiness of veterans through the rain that had set in and the miry mud, and there were but few "lame ducks."

The cadet battalion first came under fire about 11 o'clock Sunday morning, May 15, 1864, from a six-gun battery, which was posted in a picturesque little Lutheran cemetery, under the very shadows of the village spires and among the white tombstones. Firing over the heads of the Union troops in line of battle, the battery opened upon the cadets the moment they came in sight. Skirmishers from Echol's Confederate Brigade were thrown forward at a run and engaged the Union forces. Cadet Corporal Wise, with three privates, Redwood, Stanard and Woodlief, had been placed in charge of the baggage wagon. When it was clear that the battle was imminent the boys left the team in charge of the negro driver and joined their comrades in the battle line. In the fight that followed one of the four was killed and two wounded.

The fighting around the town was fierce and bloody. The Federal infantry fell back to the second line. The cadets had captured over one hundred prisoners. Cadet Charles J. Faulkner, afterward Senator from West Virginia, came back radiant in charge of twenty-three big brawny fellows, and insisted that he and Winder Garrett had captured them.

A Trying Moment.

Again an advance was ordered, and the cadets responded with a cheer. They had already been put upon their mettle in two assaults. Exhausted, wet to the skin, muddy to their eyebrows, some of them shoeless, they notwithstanding advanced with great earnestness. As the cadets advanced with a dash they were met by a murderous fire of shrapnel and canister, while the Federal infantry, lying behind fence rails

piled upon the ground, poured in a steady, deadly volley. At one discharge Cabell, first sergeant of D Company, fell dead, and with him fell Crockett and Jones. A blanket would have covered the three bodies, so closely were they lying together. They were badly mangled by cannister. A few steps further on McDowell sank to his knees, with a bullet through his heart. Atwell, Jefferson and Wheelwright were also shot at this point. Sam Shriver, cadet captain of Company C, had his sword arm broken by a minnie ball. The cadets were falling right and left.

For the first time the boys appeared irresolute as the veterans on their right seemed to waver. Some one cried out, "lie down," and all obeyed, firing from the knee—all but Evans, the color bearer, who was standing bolt upright waving the flag. Some one exclaimed: "Fall back and rally on Edgar's battalion." Several boys moved as if to obey.

A. Pizzini, first sergeant of B Company, and a Richmond boy, with his Corsican blood at the boiling point, cocked his rifle and proclaimed that he would shoot the first boy that ran. Suddenly Henry Wise, known as "Old Shinook," and beloved by every cadet, sprang to his feet and gave the command to charge, and moving in advance of the line led the cadet corps forward to the Federal battery in a farm yard on the plateau at the head of a cedar-skirted ravine. The battery was being served superbly. The musketry fairly rolled, but the cadets never faltered. They reached the firm greensward of the farm yard in which the guns were planted. Before the order to limber up could be obeyed by the Federal artillerymen the cadets disabled the teams and were close upon the guns. The gunners dropped their sponges and sought safety in flight. Little Lieutenant Hanna hammered a gunner over the head with his cadet sword. Winder Garrett outran another and lunged his bayonet into him. The boys leaped upon the cannon and the battery was theirs. Evans, the color bearer, stood wildly waving the white and gold cadet flag from the top of a caisson.

The cadets are said to have behaved like veterans throughout the fight, and five days later the battalion was ordered to Richmond. At the Confederate capital the boys were garlanded, cheered by thousands, intoxicated with praise as they wheeled proudly around the Washington monument, their drummers and fifers playing "Your Bold Soldier Boy." They were presented with a stand of colors by the Governor of Virginia, after listening to a speech of commendation from President Davis.

"OUR LEFT"—MANASSAS.

From dawn to dark they stood
That long midsummer day!
While fierce and fast the battle blast
Swept rank on rank away.

From dawn to dark they fought,
With legions swept and cleft,
And still the wide, black battle-tide
Poured deadlier on our left.

They closed each ghastly gap,
They dressed each shattered rank—
They knew how well that freedom fell
With that exhausted flank.

Oh for a thousand men
Like those who melt away!
And down they came with steel and flame,
Four thousand to the fray!

They leapt the laggard train—
The panting steam might stay;
And down they came with steel and flame,
Four thousand to the fray!

Right through the blackest cloud
Their lightning path they cleft,
And triumph came with deathless fame
To our unconquered left!

Ye, of your sons secure!
Ye of your dead bereft!
Honor the brave, who died to save
Your all upon our left!

Dedicated to Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, Atlanta, Ga.

MANASSAS.

(By Catherine M. Warfield.)

They have met at last—as storm clouds
Meet in Heaven!
And their thunders have been stilled,
And their leaders crushed or killed,
And their ranks, with terror thrilled,
Rent and riven!

Like the leaves of Vallombrosa
They are lying,
In the moonlight, in the midnight,
Dead and dying;
Like those leaves before the gale
Swept their legions, wild and pale;
While the host that made them quail
Stood defying.

When aloft in morning sunlight
 Flags were flaunted,
 And "swift vengeance on the rebel"
 Proudly vaunted,
 Little did they think that night
 Should close upon their shameful flight,
 And rebels, victors in the fight,
 Stand undaunted.

But peace to those who perished
 In our passes!
 Light be the earth above them;
 Green the grasses!
 Long shall Northmen rue the day
 When they met our stern array,
 And shrunk from battle's wild affray,
 At Manassas!

First battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

HOME.

(Composed by a Confederate officer.)

What is the sound of sweetness that thrills the wondrous
 breast,
 And brings with magic fleetness fond thoughts of peace and
 rest?
 What is that word of gladness that o'er the heart doth come,
 With mingled joy and gladness?—'Tis Home, Sweet Home.

Oh, touching is the feeling, when scenes of days long past,
 Upon the memory stealing, their vivid image cast—
 Though cares are gathering o'er us, as far and wide we
 roam,
 That hope is still before us—of Home, dear Home.

And why is home thus pleasant, why should that magic
 sound
 Bring future, past and present, in one bright chain around?
 Because in fond connection with it, in ideal, come
 Those objects of affection—at Home, loved Home.

Because of childish hours there spent beneath its shade,
 Around its verdant bowers, and by its streams we played.
 Sweet hours of youthful pleasure—that never more can
 come,
 Your memory still we treasure—in Home, Sweet Home.
 July 26, 1864. J. A. H.
 Dedicated to a young woman of Petersburg, Va.

NOT FOND OF BULLETS.

Parson Geesmore Sought the Battle.

Among the first Confederate troops that went from Arkansas was Parson Geesmore, who enlisted as a chaplain.

He was a devoted Christian, and his prayers were regarded by the men as utterances from a higher power. Just before the battle of Jenkins Ferry the old man, in a sermon, said:

"My dear boys, I have decided to go into the next fight with you. I don't think a man can properly preach about the evils and sensations of war unless he has experienced the feeling of going into battle. Now, the next fighting we engage in will have me numbered among its participants." The old gentleman rode a large gray horse, and when preparations for the battle of Jenkins Ferry were being made, he appeared on the snowy charger. Some of the officers begged him to keep out of danger, but with an expression of heroism he replied that he would "engage in the battle." The first artillery fire from the enemy shot the horse from under the old gentleman, and, by the time he settled himself on his feet, a bullet came along and carried off one of his fingers. He attempted to be calm, but just then a bullet carried away the right thumb, and, wheeling around, the old man struck a determined trot for the rear.

"Hold on, parson!" called some one.

"Hold on, h—ll," he replied. "Ask a man to hold on when the whole d—d universe is shooting at him! Take care of your body and the Maker will take care of your soul."

FEMALE SOLDIERS—A. D., 1862.

Numbers of ladies in Tennessee and Mississippi—the wives, daughters and sweethearts of the soldiers who have gone into the service of the Confederacy—are practicing with rifles and revolvers, preparing to render assistance in the "good cause," if necessary; or at least to defend their homes. Some of the ladies of Petersburg (90 in number) are following the good example, and expect shortly to be able to do more execution with firearms than they now do with their eyes, under the tutelage of Captain Guy Johnson.

THE LAST MARTIAL BUTTON.

'Tis the last martial button left drooping alone,
 All its honored companions are cut off and gone;
 They are gone—they were taken and carried away,
 From the St. Lawrence River to Chesapeake Bay.

The old coat is tattered—grown rusty, its gray;
 It has fought its last fight and seen its best day;
 And, like an old soldier who lives in the past,
 Once honored and brilliant, now with sadness o'ercast.

This old wounded coat, its brightness all fled,
 Recalls scenes of glory and those who are dead;
 On the field of Antietam 'twas baptized in blood,
 And he who thus marked it there went to his God.

When in thunder and smoke war went through the air,
 And lighted the green hills with death's ruddy glare;
 By the side of that hero, old "Stonewall," the great—
 Who can think of his greatness and not mourn his fate?

It has galloped on fields when the battle begun,
 And marked his calm smile when the battle was won;
 In the first flush of triumph, the quiet of camp,
 On the long weary march, by the parlor's bright lamp.

It has been his companion by night and by day,
 As it gleamed in the sun or the moon's pale ray;
 By his bedside of death a mute mourner stood,
 As it caught his last smile or wept at his blood.

It then heard the proud grief as it gushed from the nation
 In a flood of wild tears and a great lamentation,
 When his body was borne gently to its rest in the grave,
 But his spirit still lives with the true and the brave.

Yes, this old "Rebel" button, so tarnished and dim,
 I have thus kept most fondly in memory of him;
 To thee I now give it, 'tis old and 'tis rare—
 It has followed the brave, let it rest with the fair.

A MARYLANDER.

By a staff officer of Stonewall Jackson's command.

TRUE SOUTHERN WOMEN.

The ladies of a certain town in the "Old North State," hearing that one of the commissioned officers of their town military company had backed out on a call being made upon his company by Governor Ellis, sent him a complete outfit of petticoats, etc., assuring him there was no danger, for they would take care of him.

Raleigh, N. C., 1863.

THE CAP THAT POOR HENDERSON WORE.

Tattered and threadbare, greasy and torn,
Faded and worn though it be,
Take it up carefully, Johnnie, my boy,
'Tis a glorious relic to me.
It is full of a hope now buried with him,
To gladden my bosom no more;
So take it and hide it away with his coat—
The cap that poor Henderson wore.

'Twas a beautiful grey in the days which are gone
When he stood in his youth and his pride
At the threshold, there, neath the ivy vine,
To welcome his new-made bride;
To comfort my heart with words of cheer—
So bitterly widowed and sore;
And joyous and bright was the face that shone
'Neath the cap that poor Henderson wore.

They took him away from home and heart
To the fields of carnage and strife,
And the months went by like the drifting clouds,
And the joy went out of my life.
A year elapsed and he came not back,
But my heart was rent to its core,
When a package came from the lines in front
With the cap poor Henderson wore.

With the starry cross in his dying grasp,
With his feet to the routed foe,
He yielded his life to the land he loved,
And left me alone in my woe.
They tell me the shout was upon his lip,
'Bove the cannon's deafening roar,
When a missile pierced the band of grey
Of the cap that poor Henderson wore.

So take it and hide it away with his coat,
Greasy and torn though it be;
It is all that remains of my gallant dead,
That was dearer than country to me.
Come hide it away—'tis a legacy, boy,
As precious as jewels and more,
Though pierced by a bullet and blackened with smoke,
The cap that poor Henderson wore.

By WILLIE LIGHTHEART.

Charleston, S. C.

A CONFEDERATE VALENTINE.

To Miss Jewly Ann Pious.

When these lines you read,
Think not of him unkind,
If you should guess who sent you this
For a valentine.

I merely wish to tell you
Of your kindness unto me,
When I was sick at Poplar Lawn,
And how I think of thee.

O, well do I remember
When stricken on my bed,
Of hearing a sweet, soft voice exclaim,
"Here is a piece of bread."

Yes, when in that cold quarter,
And nearly fit to freeze,
I heard that same sweet voice again
Say "take it, if you please."

Then how can I forget
The one who in that hour,
Kept me well fed with bread and meat,
O, bless her, how I love her !

I long to speak right out
The feelings of my heart;
How I love, and what I'd give
To have a wife so smart.

Like the sun, that never failed
From out the east to rise,
You every morning kindly came,
And brought me apple pies.

When from the office you get this,
And read its every line;
Do not get mad, but mildly take
This Rebel valentine.

This valentine is from Peter Barlow,
Who was sick in the hospital a short time ago.

Picked up, A. D. 1863.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

Weary and wounded and worn,
Wounded and ready to die,
A soldier they left all alone and forlorn
On the field of the battle to lie.
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford,
Whilst with a sad and terrible tone
He sang the song of the sword.

Fight! fight! fight!
Though a thousand fathers die;
Fight! fight! fight!
Though thousands of children cry;
Fight! fight! fight!
Whilst mothers and wives lament;
And fight! fight! fight!
Whilst millions of money are spent.

War! war! war!
Fire and famine and sword;
Desolate fields and desolate towns,
And thousands scattered abroad,
With never a home, with never a shed;
Whilst kingdoms perish and fall,
And hundreds of thousands are lying dead,
And all—for nothing at all.

War! war! war!
Musket, powder and ball;
Ah! what are we fighting for?
And why have we battles at all?
'Tis justice must be done, they say,
The nation's honor to keep;
Alas! that justice is so dear,
And human life so cheap.

And many a long, long day of woe,
And sleepless nights untold,
And drenching rain and drifting snow,
And weariness, famine and cold;
And worn-out limbs and aching heart,
And grief too great to tell,
And bleeding wound and piercing smart,
Had I escaped full well.

Weary and wounded and worn—
Wounded and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of the battle to lie.
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford;
Whilst thus with a sad and terrible tone,
(Oh! would that these truths were more perfectly known)
He sang the song of the sword.

From an English author.

Suggested at seeing a sick and wounded Confederate soldier left to die at the Crater Farm, near Petersburg, Va., May 26, 1866.

MY FRIEND.

(To Infidelia.)

[Written by Colonel W. S. Hawkins, C. S. A. (prisoner of war at Camp Chase), a friend of a fellow prisoner who was engaged to be married to a Southern lady. She proved faithless to him. The letter arrived soon after his death and was answered by Colonel Hawkins in the following lines:]

Your letter came, but came too late,
For Heaven had claimed its own;
Oh, sudden changed, from prison bars
Unto the Great White Throne.
And yet, I think, he would have stayed
For one more day of pain,
Could he have read those tardy words
Which you have sent in vain.

Why did you wait, fair lady,
Through so many a weary hour?
Had you other lovers with you,
In that silken, dainty bower?
Did others bow before your charms,
And twine bright garlands there?
And yet, I ween, in all the throng
His spirit had no peer.

I wish that you were by me now,
As I draw the sheet aside,
To see how pure the look he wore
Awhile before he died.
Yet, the sorrow that you gave him,
Still has left its weary trace,
And a meek and saintly sadness
Dwells upon that pallid face.

"Her love," said he, "could change for me
The winter's cold to spring:"
Ah! trust of thoughtless maiden's love,
Thou art a bitter thing!
For when those valleys fair, in May,
Once more with blooms shall wave,
The Northern violets shall blow
Upon his humble grave.

Your dole of scanty words had been
But one more pang to bear;
Though to the last, he kissed with love
The tress of your soft hair.
I did not put it where he said,
For, when the angels come,
I would not have them find the sign
Of falsehood in his tomb.

I've read your letter, and I know
The wiles that you have wrought
To win that noble heart of his,
And gain it; fearful thought!
What lavish wealth men sometimes give
For a trifle, light and small;
What manly forms are often held
In folly's flimsy thrall.

You shall not pity him, for now
He's past your hope and fear;
Although I wish that you could stand
With me beside his bier.
Still, I forgive you; Heaven knows,
For mercy you'll have need,
Since God His awful judgment sends
On each unworthy deed.

To-night the cold wind whistles by,
As I, my vigils keep,
Within the prison dead-house, where
Few mourners come to weep.
A rude plank coffin holds him now,
Yet death gives always grace;
And I had rather see him thus
Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night your rooms are very gay,
With wit and wine and song;
And you are smiling just as if
You never did a wrong.
Your hand, so fair, that none would think
It penned these words of pain;
Your skin so white—I would your soul
Were half so free of stain.

I'd rather be this dear, dear friend,
Than you, in all your glee;
For you are held in grievous bonds,
While he's forever free.
Whom serve we in this life, we serve
In that which is to come;
He chose his way—you yours; let God
Pronounce the fitting doom.

Camp Chase, December, A. D. 1861.

LORENA.

The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flowers have been;
But the heart throbs on as warmly now,
As when the summer days were nigh;
Oh! the sun can never dip so low,
Adown affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine;
And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena—
Though mine beat faster far than thine;
A hundred months 'twas flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed
To watch the dying of the day,
And hear the distant church bells chime.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our lovings prospered well—
But then—'tis past the years are gone,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, "lost years sleep on!
Sleep on! Nor heed life's pelting storms."

The story of that past, Lorena,
Alas! I care not to repeat;
The hopes that could not last, Lorena,
They lived, but only lived to cheat.
I would not cause e'en one regret
To rankle in your bosom now;
For "if we try, we may forget,"
Were words of thine long years ago.

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena,
They burn within my memory yet;
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke;
Thy heart was always true to me,
A duty, stern and pressing, broke
The tie which linked my soul with thee.

It matters little now, Lorena,
The past is in th' eternal past,
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast;
There is a future! Oh, thank God!
Of life this is so small a part!
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod;
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

Mr. X—: Wishing to screen the regiment of “tinsel chivalry,” that has taken shelter and protection under the Provost Marshal, Quartermaster, Paymaster, Tithing Master and other numberless officers, which are created for those who fear to face the music, and thereby secure one a partner for life, I must beg the favor of you to insert the annexed in your valuable paper and oblige,

AN OLD MAID.

MEN IN LACE AND BRAID.

Standing on the corner,
Decked in braid and lace;
Scarcely room to pass them,
Staring in your face.
Staring at the ladies,
Decked in lace and braid,
Braid—courageous soldiers,
They are not afraid.

The brave deeds of their comrades,
Deeds they might have done,
Are themes whereon they chatter,
Chatter ever on.
They go not into danger,
These men in lace and braid,
Their uniforms might tarnish—
Not that they are afraid.

Our Generals, they discuss them
With a supercilious air,
And they speak of bloody battles
As if they had been there.
No subject can escape them,
To speak they're not afraid;
What would we do without them?
The men in lace and braid.

ALL'S NOISE ALONG THE APPOMATTOX.

All's noise along the Appomattox to-night,
For Grant, with his Whitworths and Parrots,
Is shelling our town from left to right,
From “Pocahontas” to “Jarratt's.”
He finds that we “Rebels” will not resign,
We are ready for every new comer;
So he only can shell us out on that line,
If it takes him all the summer.

All's noise along the Appomattox to-night,
For Grant continues his shelling,
With a hissing fuse and a lurid light,
As it bursts o'er some peaceful dwelling.

He may batter this town with a hundred great guns,
She'll not cringe, nor ask him for quarter;
She has spent too freely the blood of her sons
To care for his bricks and mortar.

All's noise along the Appomattox to-night,
For Grant with his miners so valiant,
Has dug a mine and exploded a vent
To "blow up the Rebel Salient."
But "Billy Mahone," who's polite as he's brave,
Only bows and says "Gentlemen I thank thee!
'Tis true you dug us a forty-foot grave,
But we filled it up level with Yankee.
Battle of the Crater, A. D. 1863.

UPI DEI DI.

The shades of night was falling fast,
Tra la la! tra la la!
The bugler blew his well-known blast,
Tra la la la la.
No matter, be there rain or snow,
That bugler still is bound to blow—
Upi dei dei di!
Upi de! upi di!
Upi dei dei di!
Upi dei di.

On the fire he spied a pot,
Tra la la! tra la la!
Choicest viands smoking hot,
Tra la la la la.
Says he "you shant enjoy that stew,"
So "Boots and Saddles" loudly blew—
Upi dei dei di!
Upi de! upi di!
Upi dei dei di!
Upi dei di.

Soldiers, you are made to fight,
Tra la la! tra la la!
To starve all day and march all night,
Tra la la la la!
Perchance if you get bread and meat,
That bugler will not let you eat—
Upi dei dei di!
Upi de! upi di!
Upi dei dei di!
Upi dei di.

As sung by the Washington Artillery New Orleans, La.,
A. D. 1862.

SWEETHEARTS AND WAR.

Oh, it is shameful, I declare,
To make the men all go—
And leave so many sweethearts here
Without a single beau.
We like to see them brave, 'tis true,
And would not urge them stay,
But what are we poor girls to do
When they are all away.

We told them we could spare them there,
Before they had to go—
But bless their hearts, we weren't aware
That we should miss them so.
We miss them all, in many ways,
But truth will ever out,
The greatest thing we miss them for
Is seeing us about.

On Sunday, when we go to church,
We look in vain for some
To greet us smiling on the porch
And ask to see us home,
And then we can't enjoy a walk
Since all the beaux have gone,
For what's the good (to use plain talk),
If we must trudge alone?

But what's the use of talking thus,
We'll try to be content;
And if they cannot come to us,
A letter may be sent.
And that's one comfort, anyway,
For though we are apart,
There is no reason why we may
Not open heart to heart.

We trust it soon will come
To a sure and final test,
We want to see our Southern homes
Secured in peaceful rest—
But if the blood of those we love
In freedom's cause must flow,
With fervent trust in God above,
We bid them onward go.

And we will watch them as they go,
And cheer them on their way;
Our arms shall be their resting-place
When wounded sore they lay.
Oh! if the sons of Southern soil,
For freedom's cause must die,
Her daughters ask no dearer boon
Than by their side to lie.

IN THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING.

(By Dan. Lucas, of Jefferson County.)

Fair were our visions! Oh! they were as grand
As ever floated out of Fancy Land;
Children were we in single faith,
But God-like children, whom, nor death,
Nor threat, nor danger drove from Honor's path
In the land where we were dreaming.

Proud were our men, as pride of birth could render,
As violets our women, pure and tender;
And when they spoke their voice did thrill
Until at eve the whip-poor-will,
At morn the mocking-bird, were mute and still
In the land where we were dreaming.

And we had graves that covered more of glory
Than ever taxed tradition's ancient story;
And in our dream we wove the thread
Of principles for which had bled
And suffered long our own immortal dead.
In the land where we were dreaming.

Though in our land we had both bond and free,
Both were content; and so God let them be—
'Till envy coveted our land.
And those fair fields our valor won,
But little recked we for we still slept on,
In the land where we were dreaming.

Our sleep grew troubled and our dreams grew wild—
Red meteors flashed across our Heaven's field;
Crimson the moon; between the Twins
Barbed arrows fly, and then begins
Such strife as when disorder's Chaos reigns
In the land where we were dreaming.

Down from her sunlit heights smiled Liberty,
And waved her cap in sign of Victory—
The world approved, and everywhere,
Except where growled the Russian Bear,
The good, the brave, the just gave us their prayer,
In the land where we were dreaming.

We fancied that a Government was ours—
We challenged place among the world's great powers;
We talked in sleep of Rank, Commission,
Until so life-like grew our vision,
That he who dared to doubt but met derision
In the land where we were dreaming.

We looked on high; a banner there was seen,
Whose field was blanched and spotless in its sheen—
Chivalry's cross its Union bears,
And vet'rans swearing by the scars,
Vowed they would bear it through a hundred wars,
In the land where we were dreaming.

A hero came amongst us as we slept;
At first he lowly knelt, then rose and wept;
Then gathering up a thousand spears
He swept across the field of Mars;
Then bowed farewell and walked beyond the stars,
In the land where we were dreaming.

We look again, another figure still
Gave hope, and nerved each individual will—
Full of grandeur, clothed with power,
Self-poised, erect, he ruled the hour
With stern, majestic sway—of strength a tower,
In the land where we were dreaming.

As, while great Jove, in bronze, a ward of God,
Gazed eastward from the Forum where he stood,
Rome felt herself secure and free,
So "Richmond's safe," we said, while we
Beheld a bronzed hero—God-like Lee,
In the land where we were dreaming.

As wakes the soldier when the alarum calls—
As wakes the mother when the infant falls—
As starts the traveler when around
His sleeping couch the fire-bells sound—
So woke our nation with a single bound
In the land where we were dreaming.

Woe! woe is me! the startled mother cried—
While we have slept, our noble sons have died!
Woe! woe is me! how strange and sad,
That all our glorious visions fled,
And left us nothing real, but the dead,
In the land where we were dreaming.

And are they really dead, our martyred slain?
No! dreamers! morn shall bid them rise again
From every vale—from every height
On which they seemed to die for right—
Their gallant spirits shall renew the fight
In the land where we were dreaming.

A BRAVE GIRL'S FATE.

The battle riot raged without
A city's strong, defiant walls;
And hissing shot and murd'rous shell
Went crashing through the palace halls.
O, Charleston ! great and gay of old,
Then hopeful hearts throbbed high in thee,
Nor dreamed that through the gates of flame
Must thou be brought to fealty.

Brave, earnest men put by their trades,
And hurled back answers through the air,
And wives and children fled their homes
In frantic haste and mad despair.
"Dear father, I will never leave;
From our own roof I'll not be driven,
While you are here I stay; this vow
Be written in the books of Heaven !"

A fragile girl, with noble heart,
Too great for such a slender form,
Trusting her woman's fortitude
To bear her through the battle storm.
Through those long, anxious, toilsome days,
With blood and carnage everywhere,
She soothed the wounded in their pain
And for the dying offered prayer.

One soldier of the many there,
Who fell while cheering on his men,
Her gentle hand and tender care
Alone had won to life again.
His gratitude warmed into love
The strong, deep passion true men know,
"Promise you will be mine," he said,
"Before again I front the foe."

Then rang the joyous bells once more,
Friends put their fears back out of sight,
The grateful city's aid and pride
Must have a merry bridal night.
Bland April airs and love's first dream
Deepened the rose tint on her cheek,
And from the far depths of her eyes
Looked thoughts that only eyes can speak.

The holy man began to read—
A deafening sound; oh, pitiful !
Was there no other sacrifice
In all that mighty city full ?
O, fateful shell that came that way !
Who are the wounded, who the dead ?
They only saw the expectant bride
In anguish bow her crowned head.

The bright blood stained her snowy dress;
"She cannot live," the surgeon said,
"Spare her, Oh God!" her lover cried,
"Spare her, and take my life instead."
"I would die worthy of such love,"
She murmured, struggling with her pain.
Her parents wrung their helpless hands
And wildly called their darling's name.

The stricken soldier staunched the wound,
"Before the final chord is riven
Be mine," he plead the dying girl,
"My bride on earth and mine in Heaven."
Her lips said "yes," with scarce a sound,
Her white hand faltered toward his own;
How mockingly the diamond light
Upon the slender finger shone.

In sobbing words the rites were said,
A faint smile crossed her pallid face,
The fair form turned to chilly clay
Within his first and last embrace.
The warrior prayed that his right arm
Be strong to slay a host of foes,
Then in some battle's blinding storm
A quick, close shot, might end his woes.

An hour's brief time, and what a change,
Where two such happy hearts had beat,
One bursts beneath its weight of woe;
One sleeps within its winding sheet.
Accursed war! and scenes like these—
Forever follow in thy train.

MIRIAM ERLE.

Charleston, S. C., A. D. 1864.

FIGHT ON! FIGHT EVER!

The following lines were composed by Dr. D. M. Wright, while confined in Norfolk jail, and at the time when, with frenzied joy, the Yankees anticipated the speedy destruction of Charleston. They breathe the spirit of a true patriot, undismayed by the horrors which surrounded him:

Still wave the stars and bars
O'er Sumter's battered walls;
Still ring the loud huzzas,
Still whiz the dreaded balls.

In vain doth Ironsides
Belch forth her ponderous shell,
Old Sumter but derides
Her might. All's well! All's well!

Stand firm, stand firm, ye braves,
Your country's flag defend;
Let freemen's new-made graves
Fresh courage to you lend.

Fight them till the last shot
Has on its errand sped;
Fight them whilst yet a spot
Of earth remains to tread.

Norfolk City Jail, 7th of September, A. D. 1863.

Dr. Wright was cruelly murdered by the Federal Government. He was not only a patriot, but a Southern martyr.

A PRIVATE IN THE RANKS.

Suggested by a Chapter in "Macaria."

By C. E. McC.

No tinselled bar his collar bears;
No epaulette or star,
With glitter bright his mind to charm
Amid the din of war.
But in his soul the sacred light
Of liberty burns clear and bright;
A private in the ranks.

And not to win the bar or stripe
He rushes to the fight;
But strong of arm and stern of heart
He battles for the right.
He knows no voice but duty's call,
And breasts the bullets—stand or fall,
The private in the ranks.

All, all have come! the nations cry
Has throbbed their hearts among,
And mother, wife or maiden fair,
Must suffer and be strong.
The sire, with scarce a year to live;
The boy, with all his life to give,
Are privates in the ranks.

And when the quick, electric flash
Proclaims the battle done,
How many hearts exultant throb—
Another victory won.
And search the death lists eagerly
For names they'd rather die than see,
Of privates in the ranks.

The meed of praise we gladly give
To all who dare the scars,
And care but little what they wear,
Coarse gray or stars and bars.
But most our love to those belongs
Who bravely right their country's wrongs,
The privates in the ranks.

Dauphin Island, May 5, A. D. 1864.

BUTLER.

"Brick" Pomeroy's Dog.

I had a friend who went to the war. He got a situation as army chaplain. He got a yellow-colored dog and sent it to me. I could at the time hardly support myself, much less a dog also, for I was a Democrat. But the man was a friend of mine, and moreover he was off at the war periling his life eating preserves intended for sick soldiers. So I kept the dog, but I did not name it after my friend, for it was an ordinary dog. I didn't name him Butler, out of respect to the dog. So I concluded to name him "Banks." He wasn't much on fighting, but was good on paper collars, and sometimes had a wag-on-load at a time. Then I changed his name to "Beecher," but inasmuch as the other dogs around town had no money, they couldn't pay him to hold services for them. But one day I got mad with the dog and called him "Ben Butler." He rather "wilted on the turn," but still he stood for it. It is surprising how much some dogs can stand. Whenever he'd go about town and see other dogs fighting, he went for spoons, and then go to the telegraph office and send off a report of his fights. He was an educated dog. One day in a Bible-banging church they took up a collection. The dog stole the contribution boxes and brought them to me. I saw they were conquered property, but not knowing to whom they belonged was unable to return them. So I opened them and found—not a cent inside. The dog used to want to become an engraver. He would watch at the engraver's windows to see the names engraved on silver spoons, and then steal spoons and all. He would look in the jewelry stores for hours at a time, and would follow any man with jewelry on him. I've even known him to follow a coffin for five or six miles to steal the silver plate off it. So finally I got disgusted with the dog and turned him loose, and the next thing I found he was sent to Congress from Massachusetts.

New Orleans, 1863.

Too
much
worse

A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.

Far up the lonely mountain side
My wandering footsteps led;
The moss lay thick beneath my feet,
The pine sighed over head,
The trace of a dismantled fort
Lay in the forest wave,
And in the shadow near my path
I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed
Upon the lowly mound,
The simple head-board, rudely writ,
Had rotted to the ground;
I raised it with a reverent hand,
From dust its words to clear;
But time had blotted all but these—
"A Georgia Volunteer."

I saw the toad and scaly snake
From tangled coverts start,
And hide themselves among the weeds
Above the dead man's heart;
But undisturbed in sleep profound,
Unheeding there he lay—
His coffin but the mountain soil,
His shroud, Confederate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll
Along the vale below,
I saw the Alleghanies rise
Towards the realms of snow,
The "Valley campaign" rose to mind—
It's leader's name—and then,
I knew the sleeper had been one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what lip shall say,
What tongue will never tell,
What desolated hearths and hearts
Have been because he fell?
What sad-eyed maiden braids her hair,
Her hair which he held dear?
One lock of which perchance lies with
The Georgia Volunteer.

What mother with long watching eyes,
And white lips cold and dumb,
Waits with appalling patience for
Her darling boy to come?
Her boy! whose mountain grave swells up,
But one of many a scar
Cut on the face of our fair land
By gory-handed war!

What fights he fought, what wounds he wore,
Are all unknown to fame;
Remember on his lonely grave
There is not e'en a name!
That he fought well, and bravely, too,
And held his country dear,
We know—else he had never been
"A Georgia Volunteer."

He sleeps—what need we question now
If he were wrong or right,
He knows, ere this, whose cause was just
In God, the Father's sight.
He yields no warlike weapons now,
Returns no foeman's thrust—
Who, but a coward, would revile
An honest soldier's dust.

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll,
Adown thy rocky glen;
Above thee lies the grave of one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men!
Beneath the cedar and the pine,
In solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten lies
"A Georgia Volunteer."

"A Georgia Volunteer" was written by Mrs. Townshend at the neglected grave of one who was a member of the 12th Georgia, a regiment whose gallantry was conspicuous on every field where its colors waved, and which won praise for peculiar daring, even among the "foot cavalry" of Jackson.

By XARIFFA.

RICHMOND ON THE JAMES.

A soldier boy from Bourbon,
Lay gasping on the field,
When the battle shock was over,
And the foe was forced to yield.
He fell, a youthful hero,
Before the foeman's flames,
On a blood-red field near Richmond—
Near Richmond on the James.

But one still stood beside him,
His comrade in the fray,
They had been friends together
Through boyhood's happy day;
And side by side had struggled
On fields of blood and flames—
To part that eve near Richmond,
Near Richmond on the James.

He said, I charge thee, comrade,
The friend in days of yore,
Of the far, far-distant dear ones,
That I shall see no more,
Though scarce my lips can whisper
Their dear and well known names,
To bear to them my blessing
From Richmond on the James.

Bear my good sword to brother—
This badge upon my breast
To the young and gentle sister,
That I used to love the best;
But one lock from off my forehead
Give the mother still that dreams
Of her soldier boy near Richmond,
Near Richmond on the James.

Oh! would that mother's arms
Were folded 'round me now,
That her gentle hands could linger
One moment on my brow!
But I know that she is praying,
Where our blessed hearth light gleams,
For her soldier's safe returning
From Richmond on the James.

And on my heart, dear comrade,
Close lay those nut-brown braids,
Of one that was the fairest
Of all the village maids;
We were to have been wedded,
But death the bridegroom claims,
And she is far that loves me
From Richmond on the James.

Why does the pale face haunt her,
Dear friend, that looks on thee?
Why is she laughing, singing,
In careless, girlish glee?
It may be she is joyous,
And loves but joyous themes,
Nor dreams not her love lies bleeding
Near Richmond on the James.

And though I know, dear comrade,
Thou'lt miss me for awhile,
When their faces—all that love thee—
Again on thee shall smile;
But thou wilt be the foremost
In all their youthful games,
And I shall lie near Richmond,
Near Richmond on the James.

And far from all that love him,
That youthful soldier sleeps,
Unknown among the thousands
Of those his country weeps;
And no higher heart, nor braver,
Than his at sunset beams,
Was laid that eve near Richmond—
Near Richmond on the James.

The land is filled with mourning,
From hall and cottage lone;
We miss the well known faces
That used to greet our own,
And long poor wives and mothers
Shall weep, and titled dames,
To hear the name of Richmond,
Of Richmond on the James.

By AMELIA WELBY.

Louisville, Ky., A. D. 1862.

THE WARRIOR'S STEED.

A day of wrath was that which shone
Upon Manassas' plain,
When blood of Southmen for their homes
Was shed like drops of rain,
And warriors rode in fields of fire,
Unclad in iron mail,
And fortune held the Southern host
Within her doubtful scale.

Upon the field the stern old Mars
Had chosen for his crest,
Of Southern blood and Southern hearts
The truest and the best;
And grimly on his scarred old face
A smile was seen to play,
To see the boasting Yankee race
Retreat so fast that day.

Hurrah! hurrah! my Southern boys!
And swiftly onward flew
A horseman to the gallant charge—
His words were fast and few;
When o'er his head a missile passed—
A cruel, ponderous shell,
And ere the cheering words were heard,
Both horse and rider fell.

"Up, up, my steed!" the warrior cried,
"Both you and I must go,
And follow in their rapid flight
The fast retreating foe;"
And true unto his master's voice,
The wounded charger tried
To rise, in spite of the deep gash
Within his panting side.

"Up, up, my steed!" again he cried,
And loosed the flowing rein,
And back upon the bloody ground
The warrior sank again.
"'Tis past, 'tis past!" he feebly cried,
My faithful steed and I
Are left upon the battlefield,
Together here to die.

And then the bleeding charger rose,
His trembling limbs were weak,
And down he bent his head
Upon his master's pallid cheek.
"Ah, faithful friend, upon my breast
Thy aching head may'st lie,
Since thou alone art left to hear
My last, sad parting sigh!

For thou hast borne me on thy back
In my exulting pride,
And snuffed the curling sulphur smoke
Through the hot battle's tide.
A single word would bid thee go,
Or check thy onward speed;
Alas! I ne'er shall meet again
My ever faithful steed!

"My darling wife will watch for us
Through eyes bedimmed with tears—
Even thou would'st be a friend to her
Through coming bitter years;
Ah! years of bitter sorrowing
Will o'er her young heart pass,
When thou could'st stand beside our door,
And crop the bending grass.

"And crop the bending grass—the while
Our darling baby boy
Would sit upon thy glossy back
And cheer thee on with joy;
'Twould soothe her widowed heart to watch
Through summer's ling'ring hours,
For fear thy steel-clad hoof might crush
Her favorite bed of flowers.

"And then, a sad and bitter thought,
My noble steed might stand
With fretting foam upon his sides,
When curbed by stranger's hand.
The barbarous foe will gird thy flanks,
Who ne'er was taught to ride;
For such a prisoner as thyself
Would swell a coward's pride.

"'Tis well for both—my noble steed
Must with his master go,
Nor live to bear upon his back
The form of Northern foe.
Farewell! I cannot lift my hand
To loose the tightened rein,
Nor smooth thy swelling neck, that thou
Art bending in thy pain."

"But bend again, my faithful steed,
Let me but touch thy mane,
Thy bright eye looks so glassy now—
There's blood upon thy rein—
O, let me feel thy panting breath,
And lean my throbbing cheek
Beside thine own"—the steed bent down—
The soldier could not speak.

One moment now—the trembling steed
Again began to reel,
His quivering side was cleft in twain
By shafts of random steel;
And low beside his master's head
He slowly stretched his form,
Nor heeds the soldier or his steed
The shock of battle—storm.

The storm was o'er—the victory won—
The stars shone pale and hot,
As if their light were heated rays
From cannon's fiery shot;
And sluggishly the sable veil
Of night let slowly down,
And on the sky the battle-smoke
Had left a murky frown.

'The breeze began its sweeping sighs
O'er the uncomplaining dead,
And dewy tears from hallowed night
Their weepings on them shed;
A whisper soft, like that which glides
Beneath the bending reed—
And then the soldier breathed his last
Beside his stiffened steed.

Richmond, March 28, 1862.

The above poem was composed by Mrs. V. E. W. (McCord)
Vernon.

Wednesday evening, June 4, 1864, the above was rendered
for the benefit of the Ladies Hospital, Petersburg, Va.

THE RIGHT ABOVE THE WRONG.

In other days our fathers' love was loyal, full and free,
For those they left behind them in the Island of the Sea;
They fought the battles of King George and toasted him in
 song,
For then the right kept proudly down the tyranny of wrong.

But when the King's weak, willing slaves, laid tax upon the
 tea,
The western men rose up and braved the Island of the Sea;
And swore a fearful oath to God—those men of iron might,
That in the end the wrong should die and up should go the
 right.

The King sent over hireling hosts—British, Hessian, Scott—
And swore in turn those western men, when captured, shall be
 shot.

While Chatham spoke with earnest tongue against the hire-
 ling throng,
And sadly saw the right go down, and place give to the wrong.

But God was on the righteous side, and Gideon's sword was
 out,
With clash of steel and rattling drum, and freemen's thunder
 shout.

And crimson torrents drenched the land through that long,
 stormy fight,
But in the end the wrong, hurrah! was beaten by the right.

And when again the foeman came, from out the Northern Sea,
To desolate our smiling land and subjugate the free;
Our fathers rushed to drive them back with rifles keen and
 long,
And swore a mighty oath—the right should subjugate the
 wrong.

And while the world was looking on, the strife uncertain grew,
But soon aloft rose up our stars, amid a field of blue.
For Jackson fought on red Chalmette and won the glorious
 fight;
And then the wrong went down, hurrah! and triumph crowned
 the right.

The day has come again, when men who love the beauteous
 South,
To speak again, if need be, for the right, though by the can-
 non's mouth;
For foes accursed of God and man, with lying speech and song,
Would bind, imprison, hang the right, and deify the wrong.

But canting knave of pen and sword, nor sanctimonious fool,
Shall never win this Southern land to cripple, bind and rule;
We'll muster on each bloody plain thick as the stars of night,
And, through the help of God, the wrong shall perish by the
 right.

New Orleans "True Delta."

SHE SAVED HER BACON.

Just before Grierson made his way to West Point, considerable alarm preceded him throughout the country where he was expected to travel, and every person did all he could to save his valuables and movable property, to prevent their being stolen. A certain old lady who resides only a short distance from her house, was in great distress as to what disposition she should make of her bacon, as she had a quantity in her smoke house. Everybody about the place were hiding away their valuables but the old lady, who stood ringing her hands and crying: "My conscience, bless my soul, where on the face of the earth can I hide my meat from these thieving Yankees?" The Yankees hove in sight. On the instant a brilliant idea struck the old lady, and she sang out to her son: "You, Jeems, come here and help me throw this meat into the yard." And at it they went, spreading the yard with the bacon. In a few moments the Yankees made their appearance and dashed into the yard. The first thing they saw, of course, was the meat. "Ah!" exclaimed one, "you have got plenty of meat here; the very thing we want. The old lady being close by and listening replied: "Yes, we have got plenty of meat here, sich as this. Yer can have it and welcome, for I sha't touch a mouthful of it long as I live, for this mornin' the durned rebel soldiers come here and took every bit of my meat and done something with it, and flung it in the yard, and there it can lay till it rots before I eat it. The Yankees took the hint; thought it was poisoned, and she saved her bacon.—*Mobile Tribune.*

A CONFEDERATE LETTER.

(Original Preserved.)

Camp near Petersburg, December 15, 1864.

Miss ————:

Miss i take the pleasure with the bold priviledge to address a few lines in frendship in hops thes few lines may reach you in due time, and find you in the highs of life, an enjoying the best of privilidges of Human nature. this leaves me in the Best of helth, but sick at the hart on leving you, and your kind fechers, witch lookes so mild in my presants. Dear Miss, i came though the city on yesterday, an I understood that you was a having a gay, an a Happy time. if i had of had the privilidge of stoping, i am shorley woud of staid in the city, to of come to the consert, but having no one to come with me, and not acquainted with know young lady to abscoart with me, i left for my command, an on arriving to camps in due time,

i comemence to study the matter over, an to think what a blockhead i wose to think i coudint go by myself, so i come to the conclusion to have a companion to go with me. i have come to the conclusion to ask you if you give me the privillidg of conversing with you on the subject of matrimony, if you have now you can let me know, if you do you can give me your reason, but i am in hops it won't be know, as I think of you every moment of my life so as i am not capible yeat, i close by saying you must right at all Hassard, and direct to Johny. G. T——t of Co. F, 12th Batt, ——Brigade, Gordon Davision, Petersburg, Va. so as ever i remain —— your kind Friend, an

obedience servent

Johny G. T——t.

What State will claim him ? He seemed to be journeying toward the state of matrimony.

RECRUITING IN EUROPE.

We copy the following from the Savannah Republican, A. D. 1863:

“ We have before us proof conclusive that our enemy, utterly despairing of their ability to conquer us, have, at this time, agents and lecturers in almost every country in Europe, who by lying misrepresentations and the meanest duplicity, united with pledges at the enormity of which all Christendom must shudder. It is in the form of a poster, or hand-bill, which is now being circulated throughout Great Britain, in aid of such lecturers as Beecher & Co, and a copy of which has just been received from a friend through the blockade. We present it to the world as a burning witness against a God-forsaken people. They will doubtless denounce it as a forgery, but we are assured upon authority beyond all question that the copy sent us and published is one of thousands that are floating over the Kingdom of Great Britain, and, what is worse, are winked at by the British Government. Here is the document:

To gallant Irishmen, Germans, and others:

The war contractors of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, are in want of a few thousand enterprising young men to join the glorious army of the United States. The profits of the business are so large that the country can afford to pay handsomely all who will speedily enter their noble service. Camp life in America is remarkably salubrious and enjoyable, and offers immense attractions to the oppressed populations of Europe. The troops will have free license while occupying

the enemy's country, and the estates and property of the vanquished "rebels" will be divided by a grateful nation among its heroic defenders. For further particulars apply to the Contractors' Lecturers now on the mission to Britain, and to Messrs John Bright and W. E. Forster, Ranter's Hall, London.
New York, September 1, 1863.

"TRUE TO THE GRAY."

I cannot listen to your words,
The land is long and wide;
Go seek some happy Northern girl
To be your loving bride.

Fair

My brothers they were soldiers—
The youngest of the three
Was slain while fighting by the side
Of gallant Fitzhugh Lee.

They left his body on the field,
(Your side the day had won),
A soldier spurned him with his foot—
You might have been the one.

My lover was a soldier,
He belonged to Gordon's band;
A sabre pierced his gallant heart,
Yours might have been the hand.

He reeled and fell, but was not dead,
A horseman spurred his steed
And trampled on the dying brain,
You may have done the deed.

I hold no hatred in my heart,
No cold, unrighteous pride,
For many a gallant soldier fought
Upon the other side.

But still I cannot kiss the hand
That smote my country sore,
Nor love the feet that trampled down
The colors that she bore.

Between my heart and yours there rolls
A deep and crimson tide—
My brother's and my lover's blood
Forbids me be your bride.

The girls who love the boys in Gray,
The girls to country true,
May ne'er in wedlock give their hand
To those who wore the "Blue."

MOTHER WOULD COMFORT ME.

Wounded and sorrowful, far from my home,
 Sick, among strangers, uncared for, unknown;
 Even the birds that used sweetly to sing,
 Are silent, and swiftly have taken the wing.
 No one but mother can cheer me to-day;
 No one for me could so fervently pray;
 None to console me, no kind friends are near,
 Mother would comfort me, if she were here.

Chorus:

Gently her hand o'er my forehead she'd press,
 Trying to free me from pain and distress;
 Kindly she'd say to me, "Be of good cheer,
 Mother will comfort you, mother is here!"

If she were with me I soon would forget
 My pain and my sorrow—no more would I fret;
 One kiss from her lips, or one look from her eye
 Would make me contented and willing to die.
 Gently her hand o'er my forehead she'd press,
 Trying to free me from pain and distress;
 Kindly she'd say to me, "Be of good cheer,"
 Mother will comfort you, mother is here."

Chorus, etc.

Cheerfully, faithfully, mother would stay
 Always beside me, by night and by day;
 If I should murmur, or wish to complain,
 Her gentle voice would soon calm me again,
 Sweetly a mother's love shines like a star,
 Brightest in darkness, when daylight's afar;
 In clouds or in sunshine, pleasure or pain,
 Mother's affection is ever the same.

Chorus, etc.

CIVILE BELLUM—BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER.

"In this fearful struggle between North and South there are
 hundreds of cases in which fathers are arrayed against sons,
 brothers against brothers."

Rifleman shoot me a fancy shot
 Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
 Ring me a ball on the glittering spot
 That shines on his breast like an aumlet!

Ah! Captain, here goes for a fine drawn bead;
 There's music around when my barrel's in tune,
 Crack went the rifle, the messenger sped
 And dead from his horse fell the singing dragoon.

Now, rifleman steal "through the bushes and snatch
 From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood—
 A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
 That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud.

Oh, Captain, I staggered and sank in my track,
 When I gazed on the face of the fallen vidette,
 For he looked so like you as he lay on his back
 That my heart rose upon me and masters me yet.

But I snatched off the trinket, this locket of gold,
 An inch from the centre my lead broke is way—
 Scarce grazing the picture so fair to behold
 Of a beautiful lady in bridal array.

Ha, rifleman, fling me the locket—'tis she,
 My brother's young bride—and the fallen dragoon
 Was her husband—hush soldier! 'twas Heaven's decree—
 We must bury him there by the light of the moon.

But hark, the far bugles their warning unite,
 War is a virtue—and weakness a sin.
 There's a lurking and loping around us to-night,
 Load again rifleman—keep your hand in.
 —From the once United States
 London "Once a Week."

THE OLD GRAY COAT.

Worn by Major Giles B. Cooke, of Gen. R. E. Lee's Staff,
 and given, after the surrender, to his nephew, Rev. John K.
 White, author of these lines.

In the garret it was resting,
 In the bottom of a trunk;
 And for years it had been hidden,
 In the deepest slumber sunk.

As I raised it slowly, gently,
 Bitter tears rushed to my eyes,
 For it brought back recollection,
 Which, though sleeping, never dies.

As I pressed my lips upon it,
 Soft a voice within it spoke;
 It at first seemed misty, dreamy,
 But at last it full awoke.

"Where and why, I pray you tell me,
 Am I resting quiet now?
 And the way in which I came here,
 Will you please inform me how?"

"You were placed here by your master,
 When he found no use for you."
 "And why, I'd have you tell me,
 Could I nothing further do?"

"Did I not through toilsome marches
Ever stay close by his side?
Did I not the scorching sunshine
And the biting blast abide?

"Did I ever shrink from bullets?
Did I ever seem to fear,
When the bayonets clashed around me,
Or the bomb shells burst so near ?

"Was I not a faithful servant?
Did I not my duty well?
Why, then, am I thus discarded?
I entreat you now to tell."

"'Tis because the war is over;
Yes, the fighting all is done;
For the Northern armies conquered;
And the country now is one."

"Well, but where are Lee and Jackson,
With their armies strong and brave?"
"They have fought their final battle,
They are sleeping in the grave."

"But not all, not all most surely,
Are there not a number left,
Who have not with courage parted,
And are not of honor 'reft?

Cannot these, with Southern valor,
Sweep the land from sea to sea,
And from every hated foeman
Thus the Southern nation free?"

"But the South is not a nation,
And the war is long since o'er;
And I tell you peace is reigning
Through the land from shore to shore."

"Did my master e'er surrender?
Sure he died upon the field:
For I know that he would never
For a moment deign to yield."

"But he did indeed surrender,
And he preaches now the Word;
He's an active, earnest worker
In the vineyard of the Lord."

Man's lofty spirit is revealed in the bard.—Goethe.

DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES.

By WILLIAM G. McCABE.

William Gordon McCabe, the Southern poet and educator, was born near Richmond, Va., August 4, 1841. A son of Rev. Dr. John Collins McCabe, poet and antiquarian, and Sophia Gordon Taylor, granddaughter of George Taylor, signer of the Declaration of Independence, he was educated at the University of Virginia, entered the Confederate army in 1861, and served through the civil war, after which he established the University School at Petersburg, and later removed to Richmond. In 1867 he married Jennie Pleasants Harrison Osborne. While in the army he contributed many poems to Southern magazines. He is the author of "The Defense of Petersburg" (1876), "Ballads of Battle and Bravery" (1870), and of latin school books, translations, etc. The following poem was written in 1864, in the Petersburg trenches:

I picture her there in the quaint old room,
Where the fading fire-light starts and falls,
Alone in the twilight's tender gloom
With the shadows that dance on the dim-lit walls

Alone, while those faces look silently down
From their antique frames in a grim repose—
Slight scholarly Ralph in his Oxford gown,
And staunch Sir Alan, who died for Montrose.

There are gallants gay in crimson and gold,
There are smiling beauties with powdered hair,
But she sits there, fairer a thousandfold,
Leaning dreamily back in her low armchair.

And the roseate shadows of fading light,
Softly clear, steal over the sweet young face,
Where a woman's tenderness blends to-night
With the guileless pride of a haughty race.

Her hands lie clasped in a listless way
On the old romance—which she holds on her knee—
Of Tristram, the bravest of knights in the fray,
And Iseult, who waits by the sounding sea.

And her proud, dark eyes wear a softened look
As she watches the dying embers fall—
Perhaps she dreams of the knight in the book,
Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the wall.

What fancies, I wonder, are thronging her brain—
For her cheeks flush warm with a crimson glow!
Perhaps—ah! me, how foolish and vain!
But I'd give my life to believe it so!

Well, whether I ever march home again
To offer my love and a stainless name,
Or whether I die at the head of my men—
I'll be true to the end all the same.

THE PRINTERS OF VIRGINIA TO "OLD ABE."

(By Harry C. Treakle.)

Though we're exempt, we've not the metal
To keep in when duty calls;
But onward we will press, to settle
This knotty case, with leaden balls;
For our dear old mother State, the fount
From which we each our life did take,
Is locked up by a vandal horde,
And the honor of the craft's at stake.

For lean-faced Lincoln's after us,
His slim shanks moving like a scout,
But long before his job is done
He'll find that all his quads are out.
For with Lee our head-line—worthy guide—
We galley slaves will never be,
But still press onward, by his side,
For that fat take—sweet liberty!

Soon Abe will find what he's about,
T'will cost him such a pile of rocks,
Before his cherished work is out
He'll have no sorts in any box!
For his bank is now so very low
He scarce can chase up quoins to pay
The hired scum, the foreign foe,
Who comes to steal our rights away.

And while a foe is in the field,
Our hands still steady, our leaders cool,
Death we'll embrace before we'll yield,
But by God's help we'll stick and rule.
And when in after years to come
Our history's read by youth and sage,
They'll make a side note of well done
On this, our volume's brightest page.

Norfolk, Va., April 4, 1862.

THE DESPOT'S SONG.

(By "Ole Secesh.")

With a beard that was filthy and red,
His mouth with tobacco bespread,
Abe Lincoln sat in the gay "White House"
A wishing that he was dead.
Snear! snear! snear!
Till his tongue was blistered o'er,
Then in a voice not very strong,
He slowly whined the despot's song.

Lie! lie! lie! "I've lied like the very deuce;
Lie! lie! lie! as long as lies were of use.
But now that lies no longer pay,
For when I the truth would say
My tongue with lies will burn.

Drink! drink! drink! 'till my head feels very queer,
 Drink! drink! drink! 'till I get rid of all fear,
 Brandy and whiskey and gin,
 Sherry, champagne and pop—
 I tipple, I guzzle—I suck 'em all in!
 'Till down, dead drunk I drop.

Think! think! think! 'till my head is very sore,
 Think! think! think! 'till I could not think any more,
 And its oh! to be splitting of rails
 Back in my Illinois hut—
 For now that evrything fails,
 I would of my office be shut.

THE SHENANDOAH SUFFERERS.

"Widow and Southern maid
 Long shall lament our raid."—Scott.

The Shenandoah Valley, the garden of earth,
 Where beauty and plenty sprang joyously forth
 Now sad desolation stalks over the scene,
 And woe marks the spot where the spoiler hath been.

The moan of the grandsire, the child's piteous wail,
 Have been borne far and wide by the wild winter's gale;
 With horror they gazed on their homes wrapped in flames,
 And a shriek of despair uttered Sheridan's name.

Oh, woman! poor woman! how sad was thy lot!
 The wrongs thou hast suffered can ne'er be forgot;
 Thy roof-tree cut down, and thy best beloved slain—
 And thy pleadings for "mercy" were all made in vain.

The mother and infant together have died,
 In famine and nakedness, laid side by side;
 Saw ye not the dense smoke of the great funeral pyre,
 When the all of their life was burned up in the fire?

So through the work of destruction and woe
 Was wrought by the hand of the merciless foe,
 E'en the sweet-singing birds flew away for their food,
 Or perished in flames with their poor little brood.

And is this indeed such a barbarous age?
 A foul blot is stamped upon history's page:
 Oh, Jesus! Oh, Saviour! appear with thine aid,
 And plead for the victims of Sheridan's raid.

A. D. 1864.

A VOICE FROM NEW ENGLAND.

HISTORICAL FACT.

"A crow passing over the Valley of Virginia must carry his
 rations on his back."

186—.

SHERIDAN AND HIS BRAVES.

VIRGINIA IN 1863.

Child.—See that blue line, Mother,
Coming 'round the hill,
Winding through the meadow—
Look! the road they fill.
Hear them yelling, Mother!
See! a flag is there—
Oh, you are frightened, Mother,
Tell me what they are?

Mother.—The Yankees, child, are coming,
See them! now so near—
Oh Heaven, relieve my sorrow,
Calm my grief and fear;
Oh, let Thine arm around me
Strengthen my poor heart,
Restrain the rising tear,
And nerve me for my part.

Child.—Oh, Mother, they are coming,
Quick! Mother, let us hide!
They'll soon be here to kill us,
Oh, keep me by your side;
If father could be here,
And brother—but they're gone,
And we are left to die,
To die here all alone.

Mother.—Thy father and thy brother, child,
Are fighting for us now,
Or on some distant battlefield
Perchance are lying low.

Child.—Oh, Mother, see the flames
Are rising all around!
Hear the crackling fire!
See! they burn the town!
Oh, Mother, now they're coming,
With glaring torch, this way
To burn our pretty home;
Oh, Mother, shall we stay?

Mother.—Be still, my child, and wait—
God's will alone be done;
He has a peaceful home
When this poor race is run.
He has a peaceful home
Prepared for you and me,
Where war no more shall come,
Nor death shall ever be.

Child.—Dear Mother, will God take us,
Take us up there to-night,
From all these wicked Yankees,
Who come down here to fight?
Oh, Mother, beg the Captain:
"Please not to burn our home,"

Oh, beg him to spare and save us,
'Till father can return—
Tell him about the God on high;
Who watches all we do,
And if he's kind to you and I,
Will love and keep him, too.

Mother.—Ah, child, the Captain cannot hear,
Though cries of anguish start,
Not childhood's grief nor woman's tears
E'er melt his iron heart,
For many a widowed mother
Has prayed him but to spare
A morsel for her starving child;
He would not heed her prayer—
And many a darling boy
From sick bed he has torn,
And sent far off to prison
To starve and die alone.
Oh, many a torch he's lighted,
The orphan's home to burn,
And 'neath the flag "United,"
Fire, death and tears hath strewn.
All up and down the Valley
Of our fair Virginia home,
There comes one cry of anguish
Before the Father's throne.
That Father, He will hear us,
And soothe us in our woe,
That Father, He will hear us,
But the Captain, child—ah no!

Child.—Mother, put your arm around me,
For now we will not try
To move the wicked Captain's heart,
But in the flames we'll die.

ANONYMOUS.

COMMERCIAL REPORT—STARVATION TIME.

By Dounans & Johnston, Commission Merchants.

Petersburg, January 25, 1864.

Tobacco.—The market opened this week with sales of good, dark Leaf at high figures, say 80 to 110. In Lugs and common Leaf there is no change in price and not much demand, but good, dark Tobacco wanted at high prices.

Flour.—The market is very firm at \$190 to \$200 per barrel, with very little here.

Molasses.—We note sales of home-made at \$22, and now held at \$25 per gallon.

Butter.—Market firm at \$6 per pound.

Lard.—But little here, and held at \$4 per pound.

Tea.—None in market and much wanted.

Sugar.—Market up to \$4 per pound and firm.

Pork.—In demand at \$2.50 per pound and wanted.

Corn Meal.—We quote at \$16 per bushel.

Cotton.—\$1.60 and \$1.65 per pound.

Peas and Beans.—Active demand at \$25 for Peas and \$30 for Beans, per bushel.

Wheat.—None arriving; prime at \$25 per bushel.

Bacon.—Small quantity at \$3.50 per pound.

Iron.—At \$2 per pound.

Apple Brandy.—From \$50 to \$60 per gallon.

Salt.—At 40 cents to 50 cents per pound.

WHY SHOULD THE SOUTH REJOICE?

Rejoice for what? For fields destroyed, for homes in ashes laid?

For maiden at the altar slain—victim of fiendish raid?

For blasted hopes, for ruined cause, for Davis in his cell?

For hecatombs of heroes, who in front of battle fell?

Rejoice for what? That Jackson's gone; that Stuart's in his grave?

Their precious blood was freely shed, our much loved land to save.

The brave young dead of Hollywood, could we but hear their voice,

Would cry from out their graves to us "Speak not the word rejoice!"

The Conquered Banner, draped and furled, accusingly would say:

"Rejoice not that my starry cross no more shall see the day,
I flashed o'er many a battlefield, by victory oft was crowned,
But the gallant boys that bore me high now sleep in hallowed ground.

On Chicamauga's heights I waved; on Shiloh's bloody plain;
But never has dishonor's blight left on my folds a stain;
My stars are pale, my fiery cross is dim with blood of braves,
Then let no wassail shout be heard this day above their graves.

Let them sleep on; we mourn their loss in sadness and in gloom,

We will not join the revellers that sport above their tomb;
The orphan's cry, the widow's wail, still heard on every hand,
Would drown the loudest shouts of joy in this our sorrowing land.

Richmond, Va., July 4, 1866.

By A. MOISE, JR.

The following lines found written on the back of a five-hundred-dollar Confederate note, are too good to be lost:

VANISHED HOPES.

Representing nothing on earth now,
And nought in the water below it,
As a pledge of the nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell,
Of Liberty born, of the patriot's dream,
Of the storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ore,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day a promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on and the weeks became years
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the Treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well discerned;
And these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering volunteers earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or bills that were overdue;
We knew if it bought us bread to-day
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it, it tells our history over,
From the birth of its dream to the last;
Modest and born of the angel Hope,
Like the hope of success it passed.

OUR SOUTHERN LAND.

(Patria Dolorosa.)

The mountains lift aloft their hoary peaks,
The rivers to the ocean proudly run,
And ocean to the shore its passion speaks
Where all the wide land laughs beneath a golden sun.

Here are fair valleys and the fruitful plains,
And broad savannahs basking in the morn,
Old forests, where eternal shadow reigns,
And gardens that the lily and the rose adorn.

Yet though the rivers flow and valleys bloom,
Though mountains rise and skies shine bright above,
Rejoicing nature ne'er can lift the gloom
That hangeth like a pall upon the land we love!

Lo! hidden in her forests, dim and drear,
Our melancholy Mother sits and keeps
The folded banner and the broken spear
Fast locked within her arms, and hopeless o'er them weeps.

Then like the sudden rising of the wind
O'er desolate wastes between the bursts of rain,
So do her heavy woes her voice unbind,
And her despairing heart utters its grief again.

"Oh, come and sit with me! I am o'ershadowed
By wings of angels weeping from the skies!
Here do I dwell in this extreme abode
Where every anguish comes, but shame!" she cries.

"The siren, Hope, flattered my eager heart
In that fair morn when first I sprang to life,
Up rose my war-like sons, quick to depart;
Bravely they fought and died in th' unequal strife.

When went that sound of battle through the land
The nations stood aloof, listening the tramp
Of hurrying feet along the Southern strand,
And far across the waves they watched my flag and camp.

Nations were dumb! Never a heart did beat
In generous sympathy. For four dread years
In hunger and in pain, in cold and heat,
My warriors marched with blood in front—behind them
tears.

Their tramp is hushed, but its echo evermore
Is sounding through the past a march sublime,
Oh! fold them in the flag they proudly bore,
Those brave, devoted men, whose fame is of all time.

In sunny vales and 'neath the forest shade,
On river banks and mountains lie the slain,
Who shall record the sacrifices they made?
Oh! countless, nameless graves! Oh! life bestowed in vain!

Fair are the skies and fair the bloomy dales,
The rivers and the hills, the woody shore,
The opening roses swinging in the gales,
And ever fertile plains—but me these please no more.

There cries a wailing voice upon the breeze,
The roses bloom for martyrs in the grave,
The gales shall drive the ships upon the seas
No more, no more unfurl thy banner o'er the brave!

My gray-haired Chief, within his dungeon walls,
Waits for a Justice, that is drugged to sleep,
Rouse her ere yet the pitying Angel calls;
Oh! what a harvest here of scorn the Age shall reap!

Ye prisons of an old Barbarity,
Bloody Foth'ringay, Chillon's dungeon cave,
Krotov, that barred the Maid of Domremy,
And ye dim vaults beneath the Adriatic wave.

Whose walls are scarred with legends of despair,
Greet here your rival of the Western World!
Shackles and insults here? And yet they swear
Here is the boasted "Banner of the Free" unfurled!

The glorious promise of my birth is fled!
And I have nought to give, oh! sons of mine,
But tears! Tears for the living and the dead,
Tears for my heroes' orphans and my ruined shrine.

Erewhile I wore my robes of state—but now
Sorrow hath crowned me with her cypress wreath,
Yet am I still a queen! with a veiled brow,
A shadow queen, immortal at the gate of Death.

A phantom in the pathway of the years,
Claiming the glory that shall surely crown
The brave unfortunate. Hallowed by tears
I go to dwell among lost nations of renown.

UNUSUAL WAR EXPERIENCE.

It was early in February, 1865, that a plan for taking a trip around the Confederate lines in front of Petersburg was inaugurated. Several military men, whose winter quarters were in our vicinity, were visiting our house. They assured us that while there was a minimum danger, it was more than probable there would be no firing at that time, it being earlier than spring operations usually began. Setting aside the few difficulties that remained, we went confidently forward.

The day chosen happened to be the one on which the noted Peace Commissioners, Hunter, Campbell and Stephens, went through the Union lines to Fortress Monroe for the purpose of interviewing President Lincoln as to a possible termination of the war, a consummation devoutly hoped for. None of us knew of this proposed conference, however, not even those high in authority, for it was a wise part in war times to withhold all such secrets. As a prudent father frequently keeps those he loves in ignorance of financial embarrassment, so our chiefs pondered those things in their hearts, hoping that the worst would not come. A lovely morning, warmer in that section than usual in February, brought us to the beginning of our journey.

My father, who was not in the army at the time on account of ill health, was chosen to pioneer us, knowing as he did every inch of the ground, having lived in and among its haunts since boyhood. The party consisting of Miss B—, who afterwards married the son of our chieftan, Miss W—, now the widow of a Congressman, a son of one of our State Judges, my father and myself.

Women in the South had become quite well accustomed to endure hardships and danger. Too many can remember how they were driven from their homes by bursting shells which sometimes entered the walls tearing to pieces furniture, etc., or otherwise. Sometimes even a short horseback ride would take them near the batteries of the enemy, who, supposing them to be scouts or reconnoitering officers, would send a shot toward them causing a scamper to some place of safety. Although at the mercy of a large army, like loyal women, they calmly trusted in the ability of their own soldiers to protect them.

Our approach to the lines was decided upon at a point least exposed to the observation of the opposing army. Having reached and entered into the fortifications, we followed a long and circuitous route for a distance of five miles. We thus passed both infantry and artillery commands. The infantry

was in charge of the main line, and the artillery manned the forts and salients. We were to be welcomed at one of the salients by a captain of artillery. He took us through the fort and allowed us to superintend, for our amusement, (?) the firing of the heavy pieces of artillery towards a battery opposite. This opened an artillery duel, and we were glad to retire to a spot where only an occasional shot from pickets and sharpshooters could reach us. On we marched from there, passing command after command, getting a good view of camp life, bomb-proof houses and soldiery.

One soldier seemed to take a special aversion to my father's citizen garb, as he was wearing a coat of good quality, a relic of bygone days. "That is the first swallow-tail coat I've seen since the war began," he sang out, meaning that citizen's dress was a rare sight, and verifying the truth of General Grant's well-remembered aphorism that we had "robbed the cradle and the grave" in our desperate struggle.

In further demonstration of this fact, I had an uncle at that time in the trenches, not sixteen years old.

As we walked along we could hear occasional minnie balls "sizz" by us, and cut through the trees on the bank above our heads.

One of our party insisted upon raising her head above the parapet to see what was going on in front, but the military men who had joined us objected, telling her that it might mean instant death.

At that time a good deal of mining and counter mining was going on by both armies. The battle of the Crater had been the outcome of the "springing" of one of these mines by the Union army, and was illustrative to a nice degree of the accuracy with which distances are calculated by those accustomed to such work. Each army, in hourly anticipation of a ruse of war, would endeavor to countermine, and, if possible, strike the one opposite before it was completed. The miners engaged in this work were often so near each other that they could hear the picks of the other striking and digging out the earth.

When these mines were completed large quantities of powder were deposited in the further end, and into this was placed a fuse extending toward the opening sufficiently distant to be ignited without danger. When the favorable time arrived, orders would be given to some responsible soldier to light the fuse, and the deadly work would be accomplished. Little thought those who were above them that they were living day by day in impending certainty of death.

As a part of the day's undertakings we were to go into one

of these mines, and, of course, as good soldiers and true, we were not to back out, although we frankly admit we were like the man who, when asked if he could eat crow, said he thought he might, but he didn't "hanker arter it."

We entered by what appeared to be the frame of a large doorway. The roof was supported by wooden pieces, and on the bottom we walked over sills which gave the mine very much the appearance of a railroad tunnel, though not so large and very much darker.

We were preceded by a man with a lantern, who was to show us the intricacies of the subterranean chamber, and to lead us as near the powder as was deemed prudent. Only one person could proceed at a time. We followed in a line, the one who was left in the rear being considered fortunate, as we expected to retreat in case of accident. A murky atmosphere above, slushy earth beneath, accompanied by the dim light of the lantern ahead, with the possible chance, as we thought, of the ignition of the fuse, made the situation anything but a peasant one, but we were with the military and had to obey the peremptory order to go forward. We were however, relieved from further apprehension by the sudden going out of the light, which necessitated a "right about face," and "to the rear," which we accomplished with great activity, with no loss on our part save a rubber shoe, which was left in the mud between the sills. We were glad to be in the light of day once more. It was then about three o'clock in the afternoon, and we concluded that we had better turn our steps homeward as we were near the end of our five miles walk, when in the distance, and near the point of our destination, we noticed that the armies on both sides were mounting the breastworks, and, as there was no firing, but cheering in its stead, the officer concluded that a truce had been ordered on that part of the line. This proved to be true, as it soon became general, and the soldiers on both sides were hallowing and cheering each other, calling out "Johnny Reb" and "Billy Yank" vigorously.

When we reached the road by which we intended to return, we found that the flag of truce had been raised to insure the safe conduct into the Union lines of the Peace Commissioners for the purpose heretofore stated. As a reward for our bravery (?) we were allowed to ride home in the carriage which conveyed these dignitaries thither, and we returned home thinking that, although we had conferred no lasting benefit on mankind, we were at least happy and satisfied in the experiences of the day.

MRS. J. P. MINETREE.

THE VIRGINIA LADIES.

Go thou and search the archives
 Of all recorded time,
 And see whose deeds are greatest,
 Most noble and sublime;
 And truth, from history's pages,
 This simple fact shall tell:
 That deeds of loving woman
 All other deeds excel.

Who standeth by in sickness,
 When summer friends have fled;
 Who smootheth down the pillow
 Upon the sufferer's bed;
 Who watcheth o'er our slumbers,
 When all the world's at rest;
 Who pillows, too, our aching head
 Upon her loving breast."

Georgia, A. D. 1863.

The remains of a young Confederate soldier, Lieutenant J. R. Levy, who lost his life at the battle of Hatchers Run, near Petersburg, arrived here yesterday evening. He was a member of one of the companies that left here to battle in Virginia. The people of Georgia, and indeed of the whole South, will remember gratefully the ladies of Virginia for their praiseworthy efforts in caring for the Confederate soldier (living or dead). A gallant Georgian thus speaks of the Petersburg ladies: "Aye, many a white winged messenger has been sent home to tell of the patriotism and kindness of Petersburg's noble women. Wherever we have gone their praises resound." Well may the poet sing the praises of woman.

Macon, Ga., A. D. 1862.

A tribute to Miss Mary Batte, Assistant Linen Matron, Popular Lawn Hospital.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls
 Where the dead and the dying lay,
 Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
 Somebody's darling was borne one day.
 Somebody's darling, so young and brave;
 Wearing yet on his sweet, pale face—
 Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave—
 The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
 Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
 Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
 Somebody's darling is dying now.

Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
 Brush his wandering waves of gold;
 Cross his hands on his bosom now—
 Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
 Murmur a prayer soft and low;
 One bright curl from its fair mates take—
 They were somebody's pride, you know,
 Somebody's hand hath rested here—
 Was it a mother's, soft and white?
 Or have the lips of a sister fair
 Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best. He has somebody's love,
 Somebody's heart enshrined him there,
 Somebody wafts his name above,
 Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
 Somebody wept when he marched away,
 Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
 Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
 Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
 Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
 And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
 And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead—
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear.
 Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head:
 "Somebody's darling slumbers here."

—MARIA LA COSTE.

DATES OF SECESSION.

Following are the dates upon which the States of the Southern Confederacy seceded:

South Carolina.....	December 20, 1860
Mississippi.....	January 9, 1861
Florida.....	January 10, 1861
Alabama.....	January 11, 1861
Georgia.....	January 19, 1861
Louisiana.....	January 26, 1861
Texas.....	February 1, 1861
Virginia.....	April 17, 1861
Arkansas.....	May 6, 1861
North Carolina.....	May 20, 1861
Tennessee.....	June 24, 1861
Missouri.....	October 31, 1861
Kentucky.....	November 20, 1861

FIRST SOUTHERN HOSPITAL.

It Was Established at Williamsburg and Mrs. Letitia Semple Was its Founder.

Among the Southern veterans residing in the National Capital are some noble women, whose sacrifices and devotions to our cause have never been recorded in history. The frosts of time have whitened their heads like the old soldiers, but the purity and beauty of their hearts is not marred.

One of these, Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, daughter of ex-President Tyler, established the first hospital in the South. When the war commenced she was in New York with her husband, who was Paymaster in the United States Navy, stationed at New York. They immediately came South and cast their fortunes with our people—he taking a position on the Alabama and she on another, and sometimes the more trying battle ground. In Philadelphia, on her way South, Mrs. Semple met a friend who suggested to her that more soldiers died from sickness than the bullet, and that she inaugurate a movement for the establishment of hospitals, which she did as soon as she reached Richmond, in May, 1861.

She arrived there the day the blockade set in. There she met her father, who was a member of the Confederate Congress, and he obtained permission of Mr. Pope Walker, Confederate Secretary of War, to establish a hospital in Williamsburg. Mrs. Semple's appeal to the ladies of Williamsburg was heartily responded to. Colonel Benjamin S. Ewell was in command of the Peninsular, and with other gentlemen encouraged and assisted the move. The female Seminary, which stood upon the site of the Colonial Capital, was selected for the purpose desired.

The ladies went to work diligently, Mrs. Semple making the first bed with her own hands. Very soon seventy-five cots were in place. Dr. Tinsley, now a practicing physician in Baltimore, and Dr. W. C. Shields were the surgeons in charge. Very soon troops from different points were centered there. About that time Mrs. Semple left Williamsburg and returned after the battle of Bethel, June 10. There were then so many refugees from Hampton and other places, and so many sick soldiers (none wounded as yet), needing attention and comforts, that William and Mary College, the Court House and several churches were taken for hospitals, Dr. Willis Westmoreland in charge. Dr. Westmoreland sent a message to Mrs. Semple's residence asking her to inspect the institution, which she did, and when she found so many needing more than the kind citizens could immediately supply, she went to Rich-

mond the next day for supplies. General Moore rendered all the assistance he could, and the people of Petersburg, Pittsylvania and other places contributed liberally of food, clothes and bedding.

The first death in the hospital was that of young Ball, Company A, of Fairfax County, Va. The young hero gave up his life for his country, and that was all that was known of him there, but the lady who received the tender look from the soft blue eyes, and smoothed his golden hair for the last time, never forgot him. It is to be hoped his family found his remains. The New Orleans (French) Zouaves, and Captain Zachray's troops were stationed there at that time and the ladies made and presented a flag to them, the address being made by Mr. Edwin Talliaferro. General Magruder now took command of the troops. Among them was a brigade from Georgia under General McClaus. Colonel Ewell also was there with his regiment awaiting orders. All of them gallantly assisted the ladies in their work. Knowing the part Mrs. Semple had taken in the noble work, Colonel Ewell asked General McClaus if he had called upon her. He answered, "No, but I'll go directly." When he returned from his visit to Mrs. Semple and the Colonel asked him what he thought of her, he said, "Why, sir, I hadn't been in that room five minutes, when, if she had said to me 'McClaus bring me a bucket of water from the spring,' I would have done it.

So the women of that day helped the cause by cheering the living and caring for the sick and wounded, and the beautiful woman who inaugurated such a glorious work still smiles encouragement to every generous and loyal deed for the good of our loved Southland. The women of this generation also have a work to do, and they are banding together for the purpose. In Washington, besides the soldiers and their families, there are needy ones from every State, who have been shipwrecked on the sea of life. Our Southern Relief Association is composed of about three hundred women who labor zealously in caring for this class, those who have no friends to help them. It is refreshing to meet with an organization so generous and loyal in spirit and practice. When preparing for entertainments wealthy women don their aprons and work by the side of those who are poor, oftentimes without knowing each other's name. Every Southern heart that beats over a well-filled pocket should open it now, for soon our veterans will "pass over the river." There they will neither want nor suffer. While honoring the dead let us not forget the living.—Mrs. Alice T. Buck, in Confederate Veteran.

THE UNKNOWN CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Our land is dotted from end to end with soldiers' graves, and many of the simple headboards above them bear this inscription: "Unknown Soldier of ——— Corps or Regiment," with the name of the field on which he fell.

In a little, lonely hillock,
Where the South wind softly sighs,
There, his weary marches over;
There the unknown soldier lies.
Never more the drum shall wake him,
Sleeping there beneath the sod;
Never, till the flesh shall quicken
At the sounding trump of God.

Whence he came or where enlisted,
In the army of our land;
Where he fought or where he rested,
At the leader's stern command.
Where, at last, his warfare ended,
These I little know or care;
Hero! he who died for freedom,
Counting not his heart's blood dear.

This I know, a mother bore him,
Loved him with her holy love;
Many a night she listened for him;
Many a prayer she sent above.
It may be she watches sadly
For the foot that never more
Never, never, shall tread lightly
O'er the dear old household floor.

Some one, wife perchance, or sister,
Buttoned first the faded coat;
That his life-blood stained with crimson
When the cannon's fiery throat
Flashed the swift, grim death to thousands,
Falling as the brave can fall.
When they sacrifice to freedom,
Grandly giving up their all.

Friend, for those dear ones who loved thee,
In thy home so far away;
For the vacant chair that never shall
Be filled again for aye;
For the flag that waved above thee,
In the thickest of the fight;
Here I weave my mournful chaplet,
Gallant soldier of the right.

Softly may the seasons wrap thee;
Winter with his stainless snow;
Spring, with fairy fingers o'er thee,
All her sweetest blossoms throw.

Summer, with her heart of fire,
Throw her roses o'er thy rest;
And the autumn winds their requiem
Wail above thy silent breast.

Unknown soldier of my country;
Unknown brother of my heart;
Let a nation's grief embalm thee,
Let a nation's love have part.
In his grave so green and lowly,
For our children's babes shall weep
Tears of grateful, fond affection,
Where the South's defenders sleep.

OUR NOBLE DEAD.

We will not wander to the gloomy years,
Through whose dark scenes we have so lately passed,
Where no soft beam of golden light appears
To gild the cloud of sorrow o'er them cast.

Those things are but a solitude of graves,
Where Love and Memory pour their tears like rain,
And where, in voiceless grief, the cypress waves
Above the hearts which died for us in vain.

The dead, who died, as died that gallant throng,
To shield a cause, which in their eyes was just,
Shall live enshrined in story and in song,
While ages roll above their scattered dust.

What though for them no marble shaft shall rise,
Time shall not see their sacred memory wane;
Their scroll of fame, expansive as the skies,
Years of oblivion shall corrode in vain.

Heroic deeds are deathless, and they live
Unmarred, while empires crumble into dust,
They master fame, and life and glory give
"To storied urn and animated bust."

There rose no sculptured monument to tell
Where Spartan valor broke the Persian sway,
And yet we know there nobly fought and fell
Heroic men in "Old Platea's day."

Peace to the ashes of our noble dead!
For distant ages shall behold each name
Bright'ning like morning, when the night is fled,
And ever broad'ning on the disc of fame.

Farewell! ye high, heroic hearts, farewell!
Inspired lips shall teach the world ere long,
Ye fought to hallow story, and ye fell
To give a new apocalypse to song!

Alabama.

JOHN E. HATCHER.

THE PAEAN OF THE COFFINLESS DEAD.

The paean I sing of the coffinless dead—
The heroes who wore the gray,
Who dared to follow where chivalry led,
And fronted the flame of the battle red,
Whose blood like warm, red wine was shed,
In the heat of the deadly fray.

Ah, grand is the task the tale to tell,
Of those heroes without a name,
Whose spirits were stirred by the "rebel yell,"
As it rose and throbbed on the battle-swell,
As they followed their leaders mid fires of hell,
Thro' the gates of a deathless fame.

All hail ! to the brave, whose forms so bright,
Did a nation's shield arise,
Who dared to stand and strike for the right;
Whose spirits passed from the battle night
Into God's presence, pure and white,
With the stamp of the sacrifice.

All hail ! to the blood, that a chrism fell
On an infant nation's head,
What, though the chimes of its christening bell
But mingled their tones with its funeral knell,
All hail ! to its spirit fled.

All hail ! to the paladins clad in gray,
That Stuart and Stonewall led,
Who would with their lives a ransom pay;
Whose brave breasts bore the brunt of the fray,
Who walk in the light of the sunless day;
All hail ! to the coffinless dead.

Douglass, Ark., March 6, 1864.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

O, not o'er these, the true and brave,
Whose mangled forms in many a grave,
Lie low where the grass and wild flowers spring,
Shall dark oblivion spread her wing.

Green osiers grow,
Red roses blow,
And garland the heroes below.

Ye everlasting pines, whose wail,
With mournful dirges swells the gale,
Sweep your high harps with requiem grand,
For soldiers of the Southern land,
Who gave their life
In bloody strife
Their memory ours, with glory rife.

What, though oppression ruled the soil,
They might not view the victor's spoil;
Beside their shivered swords they lie,
Unheeding neath a radiant sky.
 Calm let them sleep,
 'Tis ours to weep,
For joys we lost, for woes we reap.

Our blood-stained banner, rent and lost,
Once waving o'er a dauntless host;
Though wet thy folds with freedom's tears,
Thy splendor lives in coming years,
 When mighty mind
 Shall weigh mankind,
And right its equilibrium find.

But, now, in double night we dwell;
For that "Lost Cause," and those who fell;
Our yearning bosoms still o'erflow
In pangs of deep, though silent woe.
 But God is just,
 And, in this trust
We mournful leave your sacred dust.

Scathed, smitten, weary land be still !
Abide the scourge while Heaven so will;
Hope on, and wait the coming day,
Though not yet seen, and far away,
 When dawning light
 Shall scatter might
And God's strong arm enforce the right.

Though mouldering ruin grimly sways
The happy halls of other days,
Though aged sires in slow decline
Lament the downfall of their line,
 Each hero son
 A meed hath won,
Revered till life's last sands shall run.

But now, and through all coming time,
Our countrymen shall live sublime,
In that heart memory so dear
To honor's high and bright career.
 And long be shed
Above their bed
Tears for our loved Confederate dead.

By author of "Albert Hastings."

OUR HEROIC DEAD.

(In Memoriam.)

A King once said of a prince struck down:
"Taller he seems in death,"
And this speech holds truth, for now as then,
'Tis after death we measure men.
And as mists of the past are rolled away,
Our heroes who died in their tattered gray,
Grow taller and greater in all their parts,
Till they fill our minds, as they fill our hearts.
And for those who lament them there's this relief—
That Glory sits by the side of Grief.
Yes, they grow taller as the years pass by,
And the world learns how they could do and die.

A nation respects them; the East and the West;
The far-off slope of the Golden Coast;
The stricken South and the North agree
That the heroes who died for you and me—
Each valiant man in his own degree,
Whether he fell on the shore or sea,
Did deeds of which
This land, though rich
In histories, may boast.
And the sage's book and the poet's lay
Are full of the deeds of the men in gray.

No lion cleft from the rock is ours,
Such as Lucerne displays;
Our only wealth is in tears and flowers
And words of reverent praise,
And the roses brought to this silent yard,
And red and white, Behold!

They tell how wars for a kingly crown,
In the blood of England's best writ down,
Left Britain a story whose moral old,
Is fit to be graven in text of gold;
The moral is that when battles cease
The ramparts smile in the blooms of peace.

And flowers to-day were hither brought,
From the gallant men who against us fought;
York and Lancaster—Gray and Blue—
Each to itself and the other true.
And so I say
Our men in gray
Have left to the South and North a tale,
Which none of the glories of earth can pale.

Norfolk has names in the sleeping host,
Which fill us with mournful pride—
Taylor and Newton we well may boast;
McPhail and Walke and Selden, too,
Brave as the bravest, as truest true.

And Grandy struck down ere his May became June;
A battle-flag folded away too soon;
And Williams, than whom not a man stood higher,
'Mid the host of heroes baptized in fire.
And Mallory, whose sires aforetime died,
When freedom and danger stood side by side.
McIntosh, too, with his boarders slain;
Saunders and Jackson, the unripe grain;
And Taliaferro, stately as knight of old,
A blade of steel with a sheath of gold;
And Wright, who fell on the Crater's red sod,
Gave his life to the cause—his soul to God.
These are random shots at the field of fame,
But each rings out on a noble name.
Yes, names like bayonet points, when massed,
Blaze out when we gaze on the splendid past.

The past is now like an arctic sea,
Where the living currents have ceased to run;
But over that past the fame of Lee
Shines out as the midnight sun;
And that glorious orb, in its march sublime,
Shall gild our graves till the end of time.

Composed by Captain James Barron Hope.

THEY ARE NOT DEAD.

They are not dead; they do but keep
That vigil, which shall never know
The waking up to grief or woe—
A dreamless, painless, quiet sleep—
They are not dead.

They are not dead although they be
Within their narrow cells of clay,
Transmuting into dust away.
Since truth and honor cannot die—
They are not dead.

Their scattered graves by thousands rise
From fair Virginia's valleys wide
To Rio Grande's silver tide,
Beneath the scope of Southern skies.

And long as Southern skies endure,
And Southern suns may rise and wane,
Each grave an altar shall remain,
Whence incense rises warm and pure.

Proud memories and fancies fair;
The love of woman—man's renown,
And childhood's prayers shall flutter down
And meet in sweet communion there.

With rights no tyranny can wrest,
Our country o'er her soldiers sheds
A radiance, as they lay their heads,
Like tired children, on her breast.

She folds them in her circling arms,
And whispers: "Till the judgment morn,
Safe in your mother's love, sleep on
Forever free from earthly harms"

Sleep on ! they never more will know
The heavy heart; the aching head;
Nor weary march, which traced its tread
By bleeding footprints on the snow.

No want nor hardship now is found,
No hunger, wretchedness or cold;
The carking cares they new of old
Are merged into a rest profound.

Self-abnegation, suffering, pain,
And all that manhood's might can yield
In valor on the battle field,
They gave in vain—yet not in vain.

More precious far their sacred strife;
More lasting and more grand appears;
The struggle of their four short years,
Than centuries of common life.

As sailors under tropic skies
Across the midnight waves look back,
And trace their vessel's onward track;
A path of fire, as fast she flies.

So as the tides of history flow,
Their past its glories shall proclaim
In lambent lines of living flame,
Which burn the brighter as they go.

The flag they glorified is furled
Upon their hearthstones desolate;
Its fame, and theirs, reverberate
In ringing echoes round the world.

Forever free ! their diadem,
The golden jasmine fondly twines,
And murmurous music of the pines
Mourns ever low their requiem.

They are not dead ! in shapes sublime
Among us still they live and move,
Our guardians and exemplars prove,
And stamp their impress on the time.

They are not dead ! they will not die !
No time nor changes can e'er part
Their place or presence from our heart,
Where, shrined with God and Heaven, they lie.

Oh ! loved with more than mortal love;
Oh ! mourned with more than mortal pain;
The angels join our fond refrain,
And chant through starry realms above—
"They are not dead !"

Composed by Fanny Downing, A. D. 1865.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG GIRL SAID TO THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Unknown to me, brave boy, but still I wreath
For you the tenderest of wildwood flowers;
And o'er your tomb a virgin's prayer I breathe
To greet the pure moon and the April showers.

I only know—I only care to know,
You died for me—for me and country bled;
A thousand Springs and wild December snow
Will weep for one of all the Southern dead.

Perchance, some mother looks up to the skies,
Weeping, like Rachel, for her martyred brave;
Oh, for her darling's sake, my pitying eyes
Moisten the turf above your lowly grave.

The cause is sacred, when our maidens stand,
Linked with sad matrons and heroic sires,
Above the relics of a vanquished land,
And light the torch of sanctifying fires.

Your bed of honor has a rosy cope
To shimmer back the tributary stars;
And every petal glistens with a hope
Where love has blossomed in the disc of mars.

Sleep ! on your couch of glory; slumber comes,
Bosomed amid the archangel choir;
Not with the grumble of impetuous drums,
Deepening the chorus of embattled ire.

Above you shall the oak and cedar fling
Their giant plumage and protecting shade;
For you the songbird pauses on his wing,
And warbles requiems, ever undismayed.

Farewell! and if your spirit wander near
To kiss this flower of unsparing art;
Translate it even to the Heavenly sphere,
As the libretto of a maiden's heart.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

Lay him down gently, where shadows lie still
And cool, by the side of the bright mountain rill,
Where spreads the green grass its velvety sheen,
A welcome couch for repose so serene.

There lies the young soldier; see from his side
Flows swiftly the current, whose dark pulsing tide,
Is bearing away the bright sands of life,
And closing forever his long dream of strife.

Feebly uncloses the fast-dimming eyes,
Once bright as the jewels which light up the skies;
A moment he gazed on the bough-spreading dome,
Then whispered in anguish, "Oh, take, take me home."

But no, far away o'er mountain and fen,
Lies the home that he never shall enter again;
Where loving ones wait to welcome in joy
Back to its sunlight their own soldier boy.

Father, when proudly you gave up your child,
And crushed back the tears, while your lip sadly smiled,
How vague was the thought, that we nevermore
Should meet till we stood on eternity's shore.

Mother, again I feel your hot tears
Roll down my cheeks; not the mildew of years;
Nor shadow of death can tarnish the bliss,
The blessing you gave me in that holy kiss.

There's one, too, whose fair cheeks whiter still grew,
As she pressed to his lips her last sad adieu;
Will she soon forget? Then raising his hand,
He lovingly gazed on a small golden band

That encircled his finger, while over his face
The shadows of death kept stealing apace;
Oh, God! may Thy Spirit be there to sustain,
When record shall mingle my name with the slain.

R. R. B., 1863.

THE WARDS OF THE NATION.

Our colored people are spoken of as the wards of the Nation. They should be spoken of as the wards of the South, as they were left us in charge by our forefathers for many generations back. What they worked for they in large part consumed. An owner of 500 negroes had many wards to look after, nurse through sickness (no hired trained nurses in those days) and keep in clothes and food whether crops failed or not. They were "our wards"—a part of us. We held them as such, and although uneducated, they were guileless and tender-hearted. Our home was their home. The sentiment of the old-time

darkey was not of concern for himself, but for "Marster and Mistiss." How could this be otherwise when the children of the family always looked out for "Mammy." Ah, the snow-white apron and the headkerchief haunts us yet, as we pulled aside her knitting for a soft seat in her lap, and longed for her "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," or "I went down the hill for to make a one prayer, when I got there the devil was there." The day for the passing of the mammy and the log cabin has come, yet sweet memories hover around them both. In the little book called "Bandana Ballads," by Howard Weedon, which every Southerner should own, we have this little piece as a specimen of the loyalty to the old-time master. This gentleman of the old school of darkeydom didn't want anything so good as freedom when his master didn't live to enjoy it. Yes, doubly a slave he, who had the responsibility of these wards of the South.

Dar's always somethin wantin'
 In my joy at being free,
 When I think old master didn't
 Live to share dat joy with me.

Dem was mighty big plantations
 Dat he owned before the war,
 And he de kindes master
 Dat darkies ever saw.

But de care of dem was heavy,
 Making him de slave—not we.
 And often I have heard him say
 He wished dat he was me.

And if he jes was livin,
 He would have his wish, you see,
 Dem niggers couldn't own him now,
 And master would be free.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

They sleep. Go not to Rome nor Greece,
 For history knows no nobler race,
 Nor song a prouder name.
 Thy landscapes are a book for thee
 That pompous Caesar did not see,
 Or ever dare to claim.

What hill lifts not its head to fame?
 What field no Ivanhoe can claim,
 Or Phillips' dust enshroud?
 Can war wind up a fairer blast
 Than that in which they breathed their last,
 O wake again as loud?

They fell ! but falling they have won,
What, living, we can never own—
Both peace and fame—their boon.
Can hoary age of tyrant's reign
Bind fast in cold oblivion's chain
A name to glory born ?

No anthem may to them arise,
No muffled notes steal through the skies,
No dirge fall on the ear.
Their requiem is the morning breeze,
Their tribute is the falling leaves—
A people's silent tear.

A tear—'tis all that we can give;
Thy country, with thee, ceased to live;
Thy banner with thee lies.
For orphan thou—save to reason,
No nation lives to call thee son,
Beneath the broad blue skies.

Then sleep; can trumpet's wild alarm
Disturb the spirit's quiet home,
Or death's low slumber break ?
What soul shall quit his narrow cell
On earth the wondrous tale to tell,
He slept mid Shiloh's quake.

Can war e'er lift a darker front,
Or battle's cohorts stronger mount,
To roll the bosom on.
Shall mars roll down with heavier stride
Than when on death he sat to ride,
And called the earth a tomb.

Then sweetly sleep, oh living dead!
No monarch's scowl nor emperor's dread,
Can turn thy name about.
Repose on laurels thou hast won,
While valor claims thee for a son,
Until the stars go out.

No sentinel round thee treads his beat,
Or whispered tones watchwords repeat,
Or tell of coming foe.
For death alone is watchman there,
Who halts the lightest thought afar,
And bids it silence know.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SOLDIER WHO DIED TO-DAY.

Only an humble cart,
Threading the careless crowd,
And at his head,
With solemn tread,
An aged man of God.

Only a coffin of pine,
And a suit of Confederate gray,
To shroud the form
All wasted and worn
Of the soldier who died to-day.

Only a mound of earth,
Heaped roughly upon the breast,
And a stake at the head
Of the narrow bed
Where the soldier is taking his rest.

Only the evening wind
Sends forth a wailing moan,
And a violet near
Drops a crystal tear
On the grave so newly grown.

Yet someone will watch and wait
In a distant Southern home,
Eager to meet
The coming feet
That will never, never come.

Aye, watch till the eye grows dim,
And the heart wax faint with pain,
Time will come and go
In its ceaseless flow,
But he will not come again.

Unheeding your watch he sleeps;
Unheeding the lapse of time,
And the grass will wave
O'er his lonely grave
Ere the roses reach their prime.

Not in the ranks he fell,
Where the soldier is proud to die;
Where the muskets flash
And the sabres clash
At the ringing battle cry.

But alone on the feverish couch,
Where disease had laid him apart,
The icy breath
Of relentless death
Chilled the fountain of his heart.

Yet a nation of Southern hearts,
With grateful accord will say:
"Hero's renown
And a martyr's crown
For the soldier who died to-day."

Macon, Ga., A. D. 1863.

COCKADE CITY LADIES.

Petersburg Ladies from 1861 to 1865.

"In all the broad limits of the 'Confederacy,' none so toiled, suffered and denied themselves for the living Confederate soldier as did the matrons and maids of Petersburg—none so mourned the dead, and none have or shall surpass them in honoring the buried. How they exhausted the days and nights in painful labor, but labor sweetened to the extreme of pleasure by the love with which they wrought to supply the needs of the poor 'rebels;' how they refused themselves every luxury to which their habits and modes of life had accustomed them, that the soldiers might possess one comfort the more in camp or field; how they toiled in the hospitals; how they gave up comforts, and even absolute necessities, that the sick might be nourished; how they encouraged the desponding, fortified the faint-hearted, consoled the dying—none of this is known, or will be known, save to those who gave and those who received the blessing of their tenderness and care, and to 'Him who knoweth all things.' Yet this is known, that it surpassed whatever else was done—surpassed all that is written in the immortal chapter of 'Woman's Devotion.'"

A. D. 1861 to 1865.

Dedicated to a patriotic daughter of Virginia, Mrs. Almeria Batte, of Petersburg, Va., who never wearied in doing good.

LIZZIE HAYDEN'S LETTERS.

Miss Davidson preserved this letter and called it "My dear Rebel Darkey."

Lizzie Hayden was an out-and-out Southern sympathizer during the war, as a great many other of our old slaves were. The Sunny South was the land of their birth, and although unlettered and trusting, they loved their home as much as the Sandwich Islander or the Fiji, who, although uncivilized according to modern methods, can say "this is my own, my native land." Lizzie was at one time imprisoned and came very near being mobbed by Federal soldiers and hung. She was afterwards released by the Confederates. She worked faithfully in every place she could, and especially in hospital work. She writes to her old "Secesh" friend, June 8, 1866: "I was so glad to hear, through Dr. R—, of you and to talk of my old Dixie friend. I almost thought I was in the old land again. Well, Miss N—, I suppose you want to know how I came here and when (meaning Baltimore). I went "up the spout" at Greensboro, N. C., at General Johnston's surrender.

I was with my master at the hospital, and we all "went up" together. I have seen more abominable Yankees than I ever want to lay eyes on again. I am living with a strong "Reb," and intend to live with none else while I stay here, which I hope will not be very long, for I intend to return to the dear old land of my love as soon as I can get my master to do so."

July 26, 1866.

You say in your letter that you are glad I am partial to "Dixie Land." Yes, God bless the people and the land. I am proud to have it to say that I shared with these people their feelings, their fortunes and reverses, that they were subjected to during the four years. During that time I was on the battle field of Port Republic, with Stonewall Jackson, and all the services I did for the sick and wounded were done cheerfully, and were it to go over again, I would freely offer my services and do all in my power for our dear homes, for the Sunny South is the garden spot of this country, and the people are noble, generous and brave. I frequently have this song to come into my mind and keep humming it during the day: "Take me home to the place where I first saw the light, to my sweet Sunny South take me home" (Old Song), and I sometimes feel sad. My (?) section of Virginia suffered a great deal. It was so perceptible. All the beautiful houses for miles were burned, and the fields laid waste—not a fence to be seen. It is all over now and we of the South have to suffer. Perhaps it was for some wise purpose. * * * I think of the pleasant times I had working under you in the hospital, and it seems to me I shall never be so well situated again."

Your obedient servant,

LIZZIE HAYDEN.

(A servant of an army surgeon, and nurse of large family of children.)

HISTORICAL FACT ABOUT DECORATION.

Fitting it is that the women of Petersburg should have projected this last labor of love for our Confederate dead. Nothing else is left to them but these poor honors. A noble rivalry in which all partake avouches the unanimous sympathy of our people in this holy work. Venerable men, bowed down with age and infirmity, forget their feebleness to labor with their hands, that the graves of soldiers, mostly from distant States, should not be neglected; and by their sides striplings, snatching an hour from their schools, have wielded their spades in the same pious task.

MAMMY'S VIEW OF FREEDOM.

" O, Mammy, have you heard the news ?"
Thus spake a Southern child,
As in the nurse's face
She upward glanced and smiled.

" What news you mean, my little one ?
It must be very fine,
To make my darling's face so red,
Her sunny blue eyes shine."

" Why Abram Lincoln, don't you know,
The Yankee President,
Whose ugly picture once we saw
When up to town we went—

" Well, he is going to free you all,
And make you rich and grand,
And you'll be dressed in silk and gold,
Like the proudest in the land.

" A gilded coach shall carry you
Where e'er you wish to ride;
And, mammy, all your work shall be
Forever laid aside."

The eager speaker paused for breath,
And then the old nurse said,
While closer to her swarthy cheek
She pressed the golden head.

" My little missus, stop and res',
You' talking mighty fas';
Jes' look up dere and tell me what
You see in yonder glass ?

" You see old mammy's wrinkly face,
As black as any coal;
And underneath her handkerchief
Whole heaps of knotty wool.

" My darling's face is red and white,
Her skin is soft and fine,
And on her pretty little head
De yaller ringlets shine.

" My chile, who made dis difference
'Twix mammy and 'twixt you ?
You reads de dear Lord's blessed book,
And you can tell me true.

" De dear Lord said it must be so;
And, honey, I, for one,
Wid tankful heart will always say
His holy will be done.

"I tanks mas' Lincum all de same,
But when I want's for free,
I'll ask de Lord of glory,
Not poor buckra man like he.

"And as for gilded carriages,
De's notin 'tall to see,
My massa's coach what carries him
Is good 'nough for me.

"And honey, when your mammy wants
To change her homespun dress,
She'll pray like dear old missus,
To be clothed with righteousness.

"My work's been done dis many a day,
And now I takes my ease,
Awaiting for de Master's call,
Jes' when de Master please.

"And when at las' de time's done come,
And poor old mammy dies,
Your own dear mother's soft, white hand
Shall close dese tired old eyes.

"De dear Lord Jesus soon will call
Old mammy home to Him;
And He can wash my guilty soul
From every spot of sin.

'And at His feet I shall lie down,
Who died and rose for me;
And den, and not till den, my chile,
Your mammy will be free.

"Come little missus, say your prayers;
Let old mas' Linkum 'lone,
De debil knows who b'longs to him,
And he'll take care of his own.

A NEWLY ELECTED REPRESENTATIVE, UNDER THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The following letter, written by a lady of African 'scent, to Mr. Pompey Snow, has been preserved:

"My Dear Ole Man—You'll no that brudder Robin Jones writes this, but I dictates it. Sister Pheby An and Mahaly is very jelous jest becuse you is at Richmun on the convention and thur husbands is gittin of timber. I've hearn it sed that you all is gitting 80 scents a day and sits in a beautiful parlur in chears like dey had at de great house in dey old white folks time, and dat you have a desk fore you jest like de white members. Now ole man, you knows I would like most powerful to come and see you and look at you, becuse I knows you looks as big as anybody thar, jest like you yoost to be, when

you was a general at de cawn shuckin. But den dat Black Silk dres whar I bought 2nd han in June Par time jes fore Miss Sally war married, aint fitten to war up in Richmun among the 1st chop ladies of de culleded 'ciety. Dey all tells me, now dat you's a grate man an a conventioner, I must be mo pertickiller and talk mo properer. I thinks so too, and you dont no how proud de ole woman wose, when you tuck her to de poles on 'lection day, just to sho her what de ole man could do. I now says larf and harf and karnt and sharnt and makes de chillern call me Mar and you Par and it sounds so big folks like. But sumtimes, ole man, dey karnt hep from sayin Mammy and Daddy, like de chillern of common cawnfield culured folks. I dont let em sociate wid any of dat clars now you may believe. Brudder Peleg Jones, dat sweet talkin preecher from de Norf, who speeks so butiful, preeched larst Sunday, and he said as the Queen Shee Bee, a black lady, cum out of Ethyopy to teach King Solomon wisdom, even so have de culleded peopul cum from Afriky to teach de white peopul of Ameriky knawledge and scents. At de close of his surmon he handed roun de hat, and I put in de quarter note I got for a settin of de ole Speckle hen's eggs. He is sich a butiful talker and buses white folks so, I couldn't help it. I tell you I was pipin mad tother day when Brother Peleg was to see me, and Ben cum runnin in and sed: "Mammy, may Pete and me sop de skillet," insted of sayin "Mar, ples marm gin to us sum bred and butter wid zarves on it." Brudder Ben Washenton says, whar Brudder Sandy Brown tole him at Sister Peggy's funeral that you war paying 25 scents ebery day for bode in Richmun. Now I can send you some turnups and greens and sich, and you just get sum other member to put in sum middlin; you kin save at leest ten cent of dat ebery day, ole man, to hep buy July An de Peanner whar you promised her fore you went to Richmun. All de foks is gettin tired waitin for de land and wants you to come Chrismus and tell em when dey will git it. Brudder Robin says he knose dey will git it fore time to sede spring oats. He says he's gwine up to Brander, whar he yoost to live and git 40 acres of lo groun, an none of yo fores truck. He says he specs you'll git a hundred for your shar, but I'm feard all de good land will be picked out fore you git yourn, as all of em down here is a selectin thern. Our Betsey's chile is smart, but not very forred; it has not got a tooth and kannot set alone. I have had no newralgy since last week, and hope these few lines may fine you in de enjoyment of de same blessin. I sign myself yourn till deth, yo fectionit wife,

SARAY AN,

July An wants you to bring her a water fowl to ware on the back of her hed. Brudder Sandy Brown thinks, ole man, you ought to ride and tie, and give some of de udder brudders a charnce in de convention arter Chrismus. I dont no so much bout dat, when you is gettin 80 cents a day, and dat aint picked up in de rode every day—you know taint, ole man. July An's schule missis, Brudder Peleg's dawter, from de norf, is gwine to sel all de gals at Chrismus her pictur, jest for 1 dollar apiece, and she wants you most monstus bad to sen her de munney to git wun.

Agin, your fectionit wife,

SARAY AN.

THE OLD CHURCH ON THE HILL.

Historic Blandford.

"This church is one of the most imposing specimens of antiquity in Virginia. It is built of brick imported from England in the sixteenth century. The walls are in a good state of preservation, but the interior—floors, ceiling, windows, doors, wainscoting and everything else is gone—worn piece-meal by time. The roof has been re-thatched several times. We examined the antique grave-stones in the immediate vicinity of the church and found that the oldest dated back to the year 1702. The name on the head-stone had been obliterated by a shell fired from the Federal lines during the bombardment of Petersburg. A number of the stones and monuments in the cemetery are broken and defaced by shot and shell. Some severe fighting took place in the immediate vicinity of the cemetery. But the dead slumbered on. They dreamed not of the war and desolation and misery that raged around them. Happy dead!

Though wars may rage and potents rave
There's peace and quiet in the grave.

The following lines were written on the wall of the south side of the "Old Bristol Parish Church," by Mrs. Schermerhorn (nee Henning):

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile!
Thou art hastening to thy fall;
And round thee in thy loneliness
Clings the ivy to thy wall.

The worshippers are scattered now,
Who met before thy shrine,
And silence reigns, where anthems rose
In days of "Auld Lang Syne."

And sadly sighs the wandering wind,
Where oft in years gone by
Prayer rose from many a heart to Him—
The Highest of the High.

The tramp of many a busy foot,
That sought thy aisles, is o'er;
And many a weary around
Is stilled forevermore.

How doth ambition's hopes take wing;
How droops the spirit now?
We hear the distant city's din;
The dead are mute below.

The sun which shone upon their paths,
Now gilds their lowly graves;
The zephyrs which once fanned their brows,
The grass above them waves.

O! could we call the many back,
Who've gathered here in vain;
Who've careless roved where we do now;
Who'll never meet again.

How would our very souls be stirred,
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful—
The lights of other days.

Petersburg, Va., A. D. 1843.

Note.—Mrs. Schermerhorn was a daughter of Chief Justice Henning of Richmond, Va.

This is authentic, as the compiler's father saw her at the time of writing. Mrs. Schermerhorn was a near relative of William F. Spottswood, deceased.

There has been much discussion regarding the authorship of these lines on Old Blandford's walls, but we positively assert that Mrs. Schermerhorn wrote them, and the original copy of them is in Petersburg, Va.—Compiler.

The first Memorial Day was appointed by the State of Mississippi and was kept by the "Confederate School," of which Miss Davidson was principal, on the 26th of May, 1866. These eighty pupils, with friends and sympathizers, repaired to the graves of those who were killed on the day of the evacuation of Petersburg, which was virtually the end of the war. After decorating these graves the party, in omnibusses, with flags draped in mourning, and participants wearing the Southern colors, visited "The Crater," at that time a horrible place, as the heads of those who fell were exposed to view, these mute faces seeming to appeal for sepulture. It was this memorial that Mrs. Logan saw in Petersburg, Va., and from which the idea was conceived of a National Memorial.

DECORATION DAY ORIGIN.

Mrs. John A. Logan Tells What Inspired the Idea.

SIGHT OF SOUTHERN DEVOTION.

When She Told Her Husband What She Saw in Old Petersburg (Va.) Churchyard, He Decided to Have a Memorial Day Set Aside—Issued an Order as Commander of the G. A. R.

(By Mrs. John A. Logan.)

Thirty-five years after the first Memorial Day, it is one of the most beautiful of its results to know that a reunited people, setting aside distinctions of class and parentage, enter into the solemn celebration of the sacred day hand in hand and heart in heart. The mounds that cover the forms of the hallowed dead, be they of the North or of the South, are alike the points of pilgrimage to which thousands of loyal Americans bend their steps to-day, and the flowers that strew the spots where the heroes of two causes lie have but one purpose, and speak but one phrase—Honor to the hero dead.

It is no longer a question of who was right and who was wrong in that most regrettable conflict of history. Time and the kindly spirit of a great people have eradicated the bitterness of a generation ago, and although Decoration Day primarily belongs to the Grand Army of the Republic and the dead soldiers of the Federal Army, we have one great class of heroes—the soldier boys who laid down their lives for what they each felt to be a sacred cause. There are the graves of these men in every cemetery in the land, and to-day they will be strewn with flowers and covered with the flag of the united nation, animosities dead, feuds forgotten, but one sentiment paramount in the breasts of the loyal people who garnish them—honor to the heroic dead.

Suggested by the South.

With this in mind it is especially pleasant to know that the idea of Memorial Day was unwittingly suggested by the devotion of the people of the South to their heroes. In the early spring of 1868 I was one of a party, the other members of which were Col. Charles L. Wilson, of Chicago; Miss Anna Wilson, afterward Mrs. Horatio May, and Miss Lena Farrar, of Boston, afterward the wife of Colonel Wilson, to make a pilgrimage to the battlefields of Virginia. General Logan had long been anxious to make a personal inspection of this sec-



PICTURE OF FIRST CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL.

tion of the country, over which the great conflict raged, in order to enlarge his knowledge of the entire course of the war, his own part in the actions having been in the West, with the Army of the Tennessee. Unfortunately, however, circumstances prevented his accompanying me, and he did not see with his own eyes what really prompted the first Decoration Day. It is my pleasure to revert to it and to pay a just tribute to the gentle people whose acts gave me the inspiration that resulted in the Decoration Day of to-day.

No one who has never made the pilgrimage that was my lot can conceive of the desolation of that country immediately after the war. The ruin seemed complete. We found it well nigh impossible to get any sort of conveyances from points on the railroads to the battlefields, and those men who were acquainted with the country and the history of the various battles were all too busily engaged in repairing their fallen fortunes to spare the time to guide us. Yet, there was no spirit of enmity in their disinclination to help us, but merely the pitiful tale of war's disasters and the necessity for constant toil to rebuild the waste caused by four years of bitter strife. We finally, however, managed to get wagons of one sort and another from place to place as we journeyed, and an occasional guide who had participated in the battles whose sites we were visiting. It was probably the most interesting experience in all my life, yet one which I would not care to repeat, for not until then had I known the true purport of war.

Incident that Gave the Inspiration.

But it is not of this that I would speak, but of the incident that gave me the inspiraion which resulted in Decoration Day. We were in Petersburg, Va., and had taken advantage of the fact to inspect the oldest church there, the bricks of which were brought from England. There was an old English air all about the venerable structure, and we passed to the building through the churchyard, covered with graves, after the manner of English churchyards. The weather was balmy and springlike, and as we passed through the rows of graves I noticed that many of them had been strewn with beautiful blossoms and decorated with small flags of the dead Confederacy. The sentimental idea so enwrapped me that I inspected them more closely and discovered that they were every one the graves of soldiers who had died for the Southern cause. The idea seemed to me to be a beautiful tribute to the soldier martyrs, and grew upon me while I was returning to Washington. General Logan was at that time Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, with his headquarters in Wash-

ington, and as soon as he met me at the station I told him of the graves of the soldiers in the cemetery in the churchyard at Petersburg. He listened with great interest, and then said:

"What a splendid idea! We will have it done all over the country, and the Grand Army shall do it. I will issue the order at once for a National Memorial Day for the decoration of the graves of all those noble fellows who died for their country."

He immediately entered into conference with several of his aids, with a view to selecting a date which should be kept from year to year. He realized that it must be at a time when the whole country was blooming with flowers, and May 30 was finally selected as the best season for the annual observance. It was not too late for the warmer States or too early for the cooler ones.

A FRAGMENT FROM DESCRIPTION OF FIRST CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL.

The skies wept slightly, just enough to allay the dust and typify nature weeping at the graves of the dead. Petersburg awoke as from a dream, and the dews of Heaven lay heavily on old Blandford Cemetery. In every house and hamlet was a floral preparation; in every home was a mother, wife and maiden with soul enwrapped in the proceedings which were to make the day a memorial indeed. The willing hands of the sterner sex that grasped the ready implements, had turfed the graves and prepared them to receive the floral tributes. Petersburg, shot-torn and shell-mangled, sounded forth once again—since freedom from war—the joy-giving bells of church and town hall. This called forth the assemblage of women, citizens, children and soldiery, with fire companies, civic organizations, etc., to form the grand procession. The flowers, wreaths and mottoes that were carried in line were as gorgeous and beautiful as they were abundant. Every garden and hillside was robbed to pay tribute to valor and endurance. Viewed from the brow of the hill approaching the cemetery, this grand procession was resplendent its entire length with wreaths, garlands, banners and bunches of evergreen and ivy. Captain Richard Pegram was chosen to make a suitable address to those present.

Captain Pegram's Address.

No family won greater distinction in the Confederate Army than that of Pegram. General John Pegram was killed near Petersburg—having married Miss Hettie Cary only a month before. Col. William Pegram, Colonel of Artillery, was killed

on the retreat from Petersburg. Captain Richard B. Pegram, a gallant officer, and gentleman of the old school, commanded Pegram's Battery, which was almost annihilated by the explosion at the Crater; and to him it devolved to address this multitude of upturned faces; upturned to God for loving guidance to go forward in the new and untried paths. He began:

"Not quite eighteen months ago yon entrenchments now vacant were filled with soldiers and bristling with bayonets. The little fearless band that held these nearest lines and entrenchments were the veterans of General Lee. The word passed the round one night, 'Fort Steadman must be attacked.' Silently and in the darkness each man made his preparations, both for time and eternity. It seemed to us a forlorn hope. But a dash; a rattle of musketry; a thunderburst and roll of cannon, and Fort Steadman was taken. The Southern cross and banner was placed on the ramparts, but the storm of shot, shell and schrapnel that opens from all sides, tell us that the fort is untenable and we must retire. Slowly and sadly we fall back, as we fought inch by inch, and planting the ground with our noblest dead, their feet to the field and their face to the foe. We assemble to-day—this memorial day, over this open grave that has been prepared to receive the bones of those who died in that carnage. To you, ladies, we consign them, undistinguishable as they are. They could not be in more fitting hands, for during many weary months they withstood the enemy at your very gates. With feelings of deep veneration and preferment let us approach and decorate their single grave. Here, in the sight of that grim fortress before which they fell, and died; here, in sight of the spires which they defended, let us commemorate them with flowers and bury them anew. There is a sad pleasure in it all, for we are commencing the sad work of collecting and giving sepulture to our dead and loved ones. We have fought and failed, and our flag is furled, but we will forever cherish the glorious names that were made in our hallowed past, and the world will give us credit for it. The brightest page of our history will be the one that records their noble deeds of saving. Let the sons and daughters of Petersburg make frequent visits to this shrine.

And spring, with flowery fingers, cold,
Oft come to seek this hallowed mold.

The women of the South who have never faltered in the di-

rest disasters of their country, will keep the soldier's sepulchre, and with this we know:

How

Hero, sleep, the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's honors blest."

The Rev. John Cosby delivered a sermon suitable to the occasion, in the old church, and a band rendered suitable music. The large throng gathered for the solemn exercises, approached the old ruins preceded by the two schools of Miss Davidson and Miss Batte. In a few moments the old church walls were filled for the first time in perhaps one hundred years. This old temple of God re-echoed with the praises to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, closing the services. Around stood the old cedars, old "as the hills," or the old church itself. Through their branches came the sighing of the wind, and spread out in a panorama of death lay the graves opened yesterday and those closed a hundred years back. How man sinks in comparison with the Infinite, who is yesterday, to-day and forever. Thus we turn from the city of the dead to that of the living—this once beleaguered city—torn by shot and shell, embowered amid the trees, its spires and towers pointing to Heaven, as in thankful silence for its deliverance. During the day business had been entirely suspended, with suitable mottoes on doors of stores and business offices. It was a veritable Sabbath in memory of the dead. A tablet in memory of the loved ones who fell in the 9th of June fight was placed in the old church, and on it were the names of—

H. A. BLANKS,

W. H. HARDEE,

WAYLES HURT,

I. G. SCOTT,

I. W. BELLINGHAM,

WILLIAM DANIEL,

GEORGE B. JONES,

JOHN E. FRIEND,

G. STANBLY,

N. HOAG,

W. CROWDER,

WILLIAM BANNISTER.

These men and boys left their firesides, their desks and counting rooms to be brought back at nightfall to their loved ones—cold and dead. Think of it now if you can, and remember that—

Fearless on that dread day—for us,
They stood in front of the fray—for us;
Fresh tears should fall forever o'er all
Who fell while wearing the gray—for us.

DECORATING THE GRAVES OF THE CONFEDERATE
DEAD.

"A people who forget the memory of their dead deserve to be forgotten themselves.—Father Ryan.

By EPPIE B. CASTLIN.

While bright clouds gather round the rising sun,
Like Southern banners in their day of pride;
A labor sweet of love is to be done.
This day we thank Thee, Father, that upon
These precious heads, these hearts so true and tried,
No trouble falls.

The trumpet's stirring blast wakes not their sleep !
Nor war's wild note; nor wail of glories past
Can reach these soldier hearts—and we who weep
Need not a glittering marble shaft to keep
Their image fresh—thoughts of their deeds will last
Till life is done.

We kneel and thank Thee, that their tents are spread
On fame's eternal camping ground ! No foe
Disturbs sweet dreams, nor calls to arms ! They're led
Through pastures sweet and green, by One who fed
And nurtured Hagar's son through all his woe
And journey lone.

But, Father, 'tis yet night with many a poor
Lone heart—a night of storm; though years have sown
Bright, blooming flowers and herbage sweet, thick o'er
Their lonely graves, far distant seems that shore
Those loved feet press—and widowed hearts still mourn
Their buried joys.

Fond mother, as in prayer you kneel, e'en now
Your boy is resting 'neath sweet olive shades;
His lips are laved in waters pure;
His brow is cool and damp with Hermon's dew. Ah, how,
Bright spirit, could we call thee from these glades
To see our woe ?

Dear Father ! as we come this day to spread
Our humble tributes on each lowly grave,
Lock not Thy heart; but as we bow the head
In meek submission, let thy grace be shed
On all these mourning ones. We comfort have—
They rest with Thee.

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